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THE
L I F E
AND EXTRAORDINARY
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
Chevalier JOHN TAYLOR.

Member of the most celebrated Academies, Universities, and Societies of the Learned—Chevalier in several of the first Courts in the World—Illustrious (by Patent) in the Apartments of many of the greatest Princes—Ophthalmiater Pontifical, Imperial and Royal—to His late Majesty—to the Pontifical Court—to the Person of Her Imperial Majesty—to the Kings of Poland, Denmark, Sweden, &c.—to the several Electors of the Holy Empire—to the Royal Infant Duke of Parma—to the Prince of Saxe-Gotha, Serenissime Brother to her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales—to the Prince Royal of Poland—to the late Prince of Orange—to the present Princes of Bavaria, Modena, Lorraine, Brunswick, Anspach, Bareith, Leige, Salzburg, Middlebourg, Hesse-cassel, Holstein, Zerbst, Georgia, &c.—Citizen of Rome, by a public Act in the Name of the Senate and People—Fellow of that College of Physicians—Professor in Opticks—Doctor in Medicine and Doctor in Chirurgery in several Universities abroad.

Who has been on his Travels upwards of thirty Years, with little or no Interruption, during which, he has not only been several Times in every Town in these Kingdoms, but in every Kingdom, Province, State, and City of the least Consideration—in every Court—presented to every Crowned Head and Sovereign Prince in all Europe, without Exception. Containing the greatest Variety of the most entertaining and interesting Adventures, that, 'tis presumed, has ever yet been published in any Country, or in any Language.

Written from Authentic MATERIALS, and published by his Son,
JOHN TAYLOR, OCULIST.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

D U B L I N :

Printed for D. CHAMBERLAIN in *Smock-Alley*.
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T H E

THE
L I F E
AND EXTRAORDINARY
H I S T O R Y
OF
Dr. JOHN TAYLOR.

NATURE delights in the marvellous ; the moral, as well as the physical World abounds with the Strange and Wonderful ; every Country, nay, every Town, have their additional Stories of this Kind, the very Villages boast their athletic Heroes, and their rustic Bards, which they compare and poize against each other with much Warmth and Emulation. That stirring *Proteus*, called Ambition, will act its Part in the human Soul under a thousand different Marks. That restless Principle, which stimulates the Heart of Man, and goads it to aspire ; that Parent of every splendid Folly ; that inborn Pride will work itself to View, and shine among the coarsest Rubbish.

Not *Cæsar*, in his highest Triumph, was more elated, than is poor *Hobbinol*, perhaps, at a Country Wake, to whom his fellow Rustics have yielded up the Prize for being the best Wrestler, and breaking the most Heads : he gains the utmost Summit of his Wishes ; he stands on high amongst his Neighbours ; a Garland, or a Hat, so purchased, are to him a little Kingdom. His Horizon, like that of his subject Cattle, is but narrow ; and the Spot he feeds upon is all his Empire ; yet even there he would triumph.

B

This

This energetic Fire, when it kindles up a daring Spirit, must look abroad, must stretch itself at large, and, like a Comet, travel through the vast Expanse of Nature, visit every Climate in its Course, amaze the learned in its swift Career, and scare the ignorant with idle Terrors, wondered at by all. Such Appearances are sudden and unlooked for; they seldom come; and, when they do, all Nature seems too narrow for their Province; they rush with such Rapidity to public View, and draw behind them a Train of Things the most extravagant and strange, their Equipage of Character; where the grand and the ridiculous, the generous and the mean, the skillful and the rude, the good-natured and the base, the friendly and the perfidious, are all jumbled into one vast Coincidence of Extreams, that give Mankind an *Alexander*, perhaps, a *Charles* the Twelfth, a *Blood*, a *Creighton*, or a *Chevalier Taylor*, the matchless Hero of the ensuing Story, whose literal Exploits, founded upon Facts so manifest, so illustrious through all *Europe*, exceed, in Number, and entertaining Incidents, the most fertile Romance, that Invention has hitherto produced; a Character so complex, and so contrasted, no Age, perhaps, or Country has beheld. It looks as if Nature, in a playful Frolic, had thrown him out to the World, in order to shew Mankind how Reason and Passion, how Genius and Caprice, could counter-work each other within the human Mind, and mark out a moral Prodigy, made up of all Extremes.

Between the Hours of Eleven and One, on the Sixteenth Day of *August*, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Three, did Nature and the Midwife give our matchless Hero to the World; the Sun and his Mother being in Labour at the same Time; he travelling through an Eclipse, and she in

in Travail of the illustrious Doctor, who, at one Instant with the Sun, began to break out from Darkness, and, as the Parish Records testify, came into Light with him.

He no sooner began to distinguish Objects, than he expressed the greatest Aversion to all Spots, either upon the Garments, or Countenances of those to whom he came near. Patches, worn upon the Face, being then the Fashion, he often scratched them off, and sometimes brought the Blood along with them : nay, even then, he put some Eyes in Danger.

As he grew up he could not bear the least Spot upon Linen, China, or Spectacles in particular, which he often broke in his attempt to clean them. His Mathematical Master made him peep one Day at his Cotemporary, the Sun, through a good reflecting Telescope ; but the Spots he discovered there disturbed his Imagination to such a Degree, that it has been the Toil and Study of his whole Life to take them off, in order to which he has pursued him these Forty Years past, through all his Journeys, hoping to come up with him at one Stage or other, and there perform upon him an Operation, which would undoubtedly carry his Fame all round the World. But this, like some other points he pursues, seems to be a little beyond his Reach, but, to a Genius, nothing is impossible.

His Father was an honest Son of *Æsculapius*, a Man of Learning and Candour, in his Profession of Physick and Surgery ; but he dying before the present Doctor arrived at his Sixth Year, this Incident threw the Reins over our young Chevalier's Neck, and opened wide the Gate to all his future Glory.

His Mother was a careful, honest, good Kind of Woman ; she kept up the Business of an Apothecary ;

cary; by which Means, she supported our future Hero, with two other Children, in a very decent Manner.

The young Chevalier, after having scrambled together some small Matter of Learning, stood as yet behind his Mother's Counter, in the Town of *Norwich*, where he had his Birth and Education. In this narrow Sphere of Action he remained some Time unnoticed; but Obscurity and he could not long keep House together.

A rich old Quaker, within a few Doors of him was taken ill of the Cholic: Our young Artist is summoned to his Relief; where *Tabitha*, the Quaker's new married Spouse, happened to cast a savoury Leer at our handsome spruce Doctor, than whom there was not a more comely Personage in all *Norfolk*. Lovers, like Angels, can talk by Intuition. A few kind Sentiments, exchanged in this silent, but emphatic Manner, soon opened the Congress to a more substantial Intercourse. In a Word, the Doctor administered to her in all Simplicity of Heart; and frequent were the Cordials of his Love: but, alas! no human Joy is certain. One fatal Sunday Morning, *Ebenezer*, who kept, it seems a separate Bed, came hastily into his Wife's Apartment, with no other covering than his Shirt, being suddenly stirred, no Doubt, with the Spirit, of Propagation, and then, and there, surprized the happy guilty Couple; but the Doctor, in this infant Recounter, gave an early Specimen of that Address and Dexterity, which have so strongly marked the Character of all his future Adventures, he told the Quaker, with an Oath in his Mouth, and a Penknife in his Right Hand, that no Harm at all was intended by him, and that his Business there was only to cut his Wife's Corns: but the Quaker crying out Murder, the Doctor springs
down

down Stairs at one Leap, takes short Leave at Home, and scampers up to *London*.

C H A P. I.

The Reader, in the opening of this Character, will meet with the Embryo of our future History, which will enlarge itself as we go on, and stretch out it's Parts to a prodigious Size.

OUR Chevalier now in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, arrives at the Capital, where he soon got behind another Apothecary's Counter, in *Cheapside*; and, with his Pestle, gave many loud preludes of his future Fame, which all *Europe* was one Day to hear. He rung his Mortar, that Prologue to a Passing-Bell, with such Elegiac Notes, that several Neighbouring Undertakers, together with the Parish Sexton, would often ask him to a Glass of Liquor, delighted with his Harmony; but a crabbed, ill-natured old rich Iron-monger, in the same Street, complained that his ears were torn to pieces by our Musician's Noise, and threatened to have him silenced by Authority; but the ingenious and humane Doctor *Green* (his Master's Relation) took his Part against the Alderman, bid him go on, and called him his *Tubal Cain*; and being struck by his lively Address, together with his very comely Person, he told the young Spark, he would have his Picture done by *Kneller*, then the reigning Painter of *England*; for truly the young Doctor's Mistress had a Mind to hang it in her Parlour, knowing the great Intimacy that was between Sir *Godfrey* and Doctor *Green*. *Kneller* had his Country House at *Whitton*, a Place about fourteen Miles distance from Town. The Doctor carries young *Taylor* down thither; he sits for his Picture, and diverts Sir *Godfrey* with his lively

6 THE HISTORY OF

Sallies of Humour, which made such deep Impression on the Spirit of his Disciple Mr. *Richard Eagle*, commonly called *Dick Eagle*, a Name well known in all the Registers of Enterprize, that he invited our stripling Chevalier into a strict Friendship with him, and promised to put him quick into a Capacity to spurn at an Apothecary's Shop.

The Doctor thanked him, and returned to Town, where he again regaled the Neighbourhood with his Melody, and went on in the same musical Manner about a Fortnight longer; but being sent one Day by his Master to visit a Patient as far off as *Bridges Street, Covent Garden*, at his Return thro' *Vinegar Yard*, into *Drury Lane*, he was accosted out of a Garret Window by his worthy Friend Mr. *Richard Eagle*, who, calling him by his Name, asked him to come up Stairs, for he had something to tell him: Up he goes; and there he found with his Friend Mr. *Eagle*, a grey-headed gaudy-dressed old Gentleman, in Company with a flustered Bawd, and two ragged Bunters, each of whom had a black Eye.

There stood upon a Stool a full Bowl of Punch. *Dick Eagle*, at his entering the Room, whispered something in the old Gentleman's Ear, who immediately drank to the Doctor, shook him by the Hand, nay, squeezed it in a very particular Manner.

Dick Eagle began a Song, or rather a kind of Interlude, called *Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window*, which he acted with much Humour and Address. He set the Doctor and the old Gentleman a laughing very heartily. The Bawd and her Pupils were now vanished. *Dick* put the Glass about with some Vigour: he filled lustily to the young *Hippocrates*, who, not being accustomed to deep Drinking, found himself strangely exhilarated;

rated; and taking *Dick* by the Hand, in the Honesty of his Heart, called him his Friend, and what would he not do to serve him?

Dick drank his Health in a Bumper; and nodding at the old Letcher, flipt down Stairs, leaving the young *Æsculapius* and Sir *Francis* together, who, sitting closer to the Stripling, put into his Hand a Purse, with Gold in it, which he begged him to accept of, as a Mark of his Regard for him; and then proceeded to some Singularities, which alarmed our young Chevalier strangely; who could by no Means guess at his Design: but the old Villain becoming still more and more explicit, the Doctor, in a Rage, called him Scoundrel, knocked him and the Stool, Punch Bowl and all to the Floor, which made such an Earthquake, that it soon brought *Dick*, the Bawd, and her Pupils, into the Room, who in great Dudgeon asked, if he was going to rob the Gentleman.—

Our hot Hero drawing the old Man's Sword, drove the Wenches out again, and in the Scuffle wounded *Dick* in the Leg: then bouncing down Stairs into the Street, with a bloody Sword waving in his Hand, he scampered along *Drury Lane*, leaving his Hat, Wig, three small Vials, and a large Clyster Bag behind him.

The People thought him mad. In his Way he encountered the worshipful Mr. Justice *Vaughan*, who lived then in *Bow Street*, *Covent Garden*. He stops and disarms our frightened Fugitive, asked him with much Earnestness, what was the Matter?

Young *Taylor* related to him at large the whole Affair, which he did with such Colourings of Truth and Honesty, that the sensible Justice made no Scruple of going back with him to the very Spot where the Thing happened; and promised him all the Redress imaginable.

So back they marched, the Justice now bearing the bloody Sword in one Hand, and the frightened Youngster in the other, followed by Curiosity in the Shape of a gaping Multitude.

They are now arrived in *Vinegar Yard* : the Justice mounts first, the Doctor at his Heels ; his Worship entered the Garret, like a broken-winded Jade, puffing and blowing, and holding both his Sides. He no sooner saw the old Son of *Sodom*, who had by this Time, stuck a Piece of brown Paper, steeped in Vinegar, to his Eye, than he cried out, as fast as Breath would give him Leave, Fye, Shame, Sir *Francis*, now I am sure the Lad spoke Truth—a Man of your Years—but the Law shall—and you, you pimping ignominious Rascal, for such a rancid old Goat, and Girls onoo, shocking Scoundrel ! Go fetch a Constable. Your Leg, you Pander, I wish it was your Guts—O Scandal ! an innocent Country Lad ! your Money shall not save you, Sir *Francis*.

The Barber was busy now about *Dick Eagle's* Wound, but, hearing of Law and Constables, he left his Patient in a Panic, who bled so fast, that the Justice ordered a Surgeon to be sent for ; and, leaving a Guard over *Dick*, he sent Sir *Francis*, and the Bawd with her three Pupils, to the Gatehouse ; then calling a Coach, he put the young *Celsus* into it, who had, by this Time, gathered up his Hat and Wig, Clyster Pipe, and Bottles ; the Purse *Dick Eagle* had secured.

The good Justice set him down at his Master's Door, in *Cheapside*, to whom he related the whole Matter, and told him, that the Lad must certainly prosecute them.

Mr. *Brady* thanked his Worship very kindly, and said, the Boy should attend him when and where he pleased.

The

The Justice took his Leave; and young *Tubal* began again to ring his Mortar.

His Mistress was much alarmed, and took on mightily: it was to be sure a vast Misfortune to be handsome,—the Monster did not hurt him,—shocking Wretches!—she'd see them get to *Tyburn*,—*Jack* was handsome to be sure,—Aye, he should swear—Here, take this Glass of Sack—Come, drink it up—Lord! how I tremble!—Oh! the filthy Monster! Here, take another I tremble so—he did not hurt you, *Jack*,—I am all I don't know how,——My Hand,——Come, *Jack*, here's your Health,——Feel me, how I shake with Anger.

Jack was not so dull, but he soon saw that all this was leading to a certain Explanation; but People calling in the Shop, he made his Bow, and got behind the Counter. His kind Mistress still followed him with her Pity, and cursed Sir *Francis* from her Heart.

Mr. *Brady*, being an able Surgeon, as well as Apothecary, spared no Cost to procure Subjects for Dissection. He often trafficked at *Tyburn* for Bodies, which he used to place at his Table, like living Guests, in order, no doubt, to make such Objects familiar to his Pupils, who are apt to be startled at the appearance of dead Bodies.

The first of these Gentry, to whom our fresh Man was introduced, put him into such a Fright, that he started, turned pale, and a cold Sweat hung upon his Forehead, which his kind Mistress wiped off with great Tenderness, and said, her Husband was a barbarous Man, for frightening the poor Youth in such a cruel Manner.

So he grew worse, was put to Bed, his Mistress followed him, and, by one kind means or other, brought him to himself again. How he returned his Acknowledgments at that Time, is, we confess,

a little in the dark ; but her Countenance, at coming down, expressed no Marks of Disappointment.

He soon scraped an Acquaintance with these Culprits defunct, and made a happy Progress in the Study of Anatomy ; he grew fond of it to a Degree, and often went, with his Master and Fellow Pupils, to dig up Bodies, in the neighbouring Church-Yards, at Midnight.

In one of these Excursions, it seems, that some Friends of the Party interred had Notice of their Design, and waited to prevent them. The Person, whose Remains were that Day committed to the Earth, happened to be a swaggering *Irish* Beaux, who dyed, for the Good of his Country, at a noted Place near *Paddington*.

Half a dozen lusty Boys of the Sodd were determined that he should keep his Lodgings unmolested, until he had a lawful Summons to get up, and march off with the rest of his Neighbours. They swore it was a cruel Case that a Man should be torn out of his Grave, and scattered about the World, from Place to Place, in such an unchristian Manner ; it was a Breach of Hospitality, which the living never met with in *Ireland*, let alone the dead ; and, by Heaven, *Sbillaly** should try Titles for it.

One of them, being a Priest, observed, that the Atoms of *Pbelim O' Byrn* would, by that Means, be dispersed throughout the Universe, and lost in the common Mass of Matter ; or, what is still worse, says he, his Catholick Clay may chance to be mixed with Heretic Mortar, and help to build up some damned Presbyterian Meeting House, which, by *Jesus*, would grieve his very Heart in

* A Cant Word, in *Ireland*, for an Oak Sapling, from a Wood there of that Name.

Purgatory : Consider, says he, at the Day of Judgment, when People will be all in such a Hurry, and every one striving to be foremost, before poor *Phelim* can gather himself up again, half the World will get to Mount *Calvary*, and *Phelim*, perhaps, may be punished for Contempt of Court ; so that it is, Gentlemen, a Principle of Conscience, as well as Honour, to defend his Remains from these nocturnal Vultures : And so to Work they went, and laid about them lustily, Priest and all.

The Master Surgeon left, upon the Field of Battle, his Cane, his Hat, his Great Coat, and his Sword ; the rest of his Band were dispersed several Ways, and hotly pursued by six stout *Shillaly* Plants, which, as Father *Tedy* observed, had then no Time to grow idle.

Our young Chevalier, being by much the most active of his Troop, took to his Heels, with the loss of all his upper Garments, except a Waistcoat without Sleeves : his Head Cloaths were missing, which Retrenchments helped to make him visible, in a Summer's Dawn, at some Distance. He flew to a House, upon a Hill Side, about half a Mile to the North East of *Pancrass* Church Yard, for that was the Field of Battle. He was attracted thither by a Light he saw in one of the Windows, though it was then about Two o'Clock in the Morning.

To the Door he came, and, with all the Pathos of Impatience and Fear, begged, for Pity's Sake, to be admitted ; swore he was pursued by Robbers, who had stripped, and abused, and now were going to murder him.

A Casement opened, and a soft Voice asked him, Who, and What he was. He repeated his Story and Intreaties, with so much Energy and Persuasion, that

that they, with his beautiful Person, soon prevailed upon the Door to unlock.

In he went and there he found half a Dozen jolly Fellows sitting round the Remains of an almost expiring Bowl of Punch, a Libation to *Hymen*; for, truly, there was a Wedding. They all stare at the half naked Doctor: He repeats his Tale, with Terror in his Eyes.

Scarce had he finished, when a dreadful Thunder, with loud Oaths and Menaces, was battering at the Door. He crys for Pity's sake to hide him in the Oven, under the Brewing Pan, or any where; when, lo! a good-natured elderly Gentlewoman in her Night-Gown only, opens gently a Parlour Door, who, seeing the sweet Countenance and genteel Shape of the distressed Petitioner, she said, with Tenderness, 'Come, come here, Child, I'll hide you safe; the Rogue, shan't find you here.' So saying, she took him by the Hand, and led him to an inner Room: She made him creep under a Bed, and bid him not stir for his Life, till she should call him.

By this Time the canonical Captain and his Troop were entered, and demanded the sacrilegious Villain, who had taken Shelter here.

The Centinels, doing Duty at the Bowl, were too far gone to dispute the Matter, so yielded at Discretion; yet still denying that any such Person was under that Roof.

The good Gentlewoman begged to know what the Matter was; upon which the Priest, Father Tedy by Name, gave them a short, but full Account of the whole Business. Said he was sorry to disturb any Neighbours at their Merriment; 'but, says he, a Crime of this Nature, I think, should be severely punished.'

'Is

‘ Is that all, cries one of the nocturnal Soakers ?
‘ If the Dead only have Cause of Complaint in
‘ this Matter, the Affair, I believe, must lie over a
‘ few Terms longer : It is certainly the Business of
‘ a foreign Jurisdiction ; and at the Day of Judg-
‘ ment, and not before, the Parties shall have a fair
‘ Hearing. In the mean Time, fill up the Bowl,
‘ and let us drown all Animosity.’

So said, so done, Father *Tedy* and his Friends began to quench their Resentments apace : they listened to Reason with a pure good Will ; but one of them, a Kinsman it seems of the deceased *Phelim O’Byrne*, began to weep at the Remembrance of their former Friendships and Adventures. Upon which Father *Tedy* commanded him to refrain, adding, at the same Time, that nothing was so *ekivocal* as a Tear ; inasmuch, says he, as it may proceed from the Extremity of the different Affections of either Grief or Joy. *St. Cyprian* has it, *Lachryma*, &c.

The antient Lady entered heartily into the Controversy of the Glass, and recommended Unity and Good Will. She said, it was Pity so handsome a young Gentleman as they denied Quarters to, should meddle in such odd Frolicks : but, added she, perhaps he is some Surgeon’s Prentice, and thinks he was doing no more than his Duty. She was sorry they refused him Admission.

Why really, says Father *Tedy*, if that be the Case, I should not be against receiving him upon Terms of Penance, since it is from the Intention only that we are to form an Estimate of the moral Good or Evil of any human Act, the Intention is every thing, and the Agent is no more than a mere Machine in the Case. The Intention is every thing, Gentlemen.

No, Sir, answered a Person in a Grazier’s Coat, who sat like *Hogarth’s* Priest, predominant at the Bowl,

Bowl, there is something more wanting to make up one of your Sacraments. Due Form, due Matter as well as requisite Intention: for, I find, you are one of the Pope's recruiting Serjeants here in *England*; and let me tell you, Sir,——

Here the antient Lady once more broke in, and begged that no difference about Religion or Politics should hinder her bringing the young Gentleman into Company, provided it were agreeable to the Majority. To which Father *Tedy*, willing to drop the Subject readily agreed; and answered for himself and Companions, saying, Madam, if the Gentleman be really here, pray introduce him immediately; it will be very pleasing to us all.

Up sprung Dame *Kitely*; and with a joyful Voice, cried out, Come, Culprit, come from your Hole, you Rogue you: what asleep! where are you, ha? neither in the Bed, nor under it?—By the Lord, Gentlemen, he is gone; and what is still worse, the Bride is gone too: aye, here the Sash stands open; was ever such an accident! O Mr. *Milkfop*, your Bride is gone: what will your Mother say?—Sure no Harm is done! For Heaven's Sake, Gentlemen, get up and pursue, and bring back this giggling silly Girl. No Harm, I hope, has happened.

At this the whole Company, Bridegroom, Priest, Parson, and all were in the Fields in a Moment; but, alas! the Scent by this Time was quite cold; and Half the Pack at least were not only at a Loss, but lost themselves; some staring, some reeling, some gaping between Wonder and Surprise, not knowing what to say or do; others were busy about the Bridegroom, who had tumbled into a Ditch, half choaked with Mudd and Filth; where we will leave Father *Tedy* and the Parson busy to tugg and pull him out, and follow the Bride and young Chevalier, who had got, by this Time, as
far

far as *Gray's-Inn-Lane*; he in his Waistcoat, as before, without Headcloaths, and Miss *Jenny* in her Gown and Under Peticot, where the Watch, in their Hospitality, made Provision for them in the next Round-house,

Here the stripling Knight Errant encountered his old Friend *Dick Eagle*, who was his Senior in that Academy, two whole Hours at least, and was led in, like him, with a Lady under his Protection, whom he had purloined that very Evening from her Husband; a Man of Credit and Consequence in the Town of *Kingston upon Thames*.

It seems he, *Richard Eagle* by Name, had prevailed upon her to borrow from her Husband, without his Knowledge or Consent, some few Trinkets of Value, which, together with her Person, amounted to a certain Charge well known at the *Old Baily*, by the Name of Felony.

The Doctor no sooner saw *Dick*, than he cried out, Hah, you Scoundrel, have I met you here at last? Is this your *Roger came tapping*, your gouty Sir *Francis*, you pimping Son of a Whore: a common Pimp is a Prince to you, you Whipper in of *Sodom*. I have heard enough of you, you Rascal.

Hear me, hear me, dear *Jack*, says *Dick*, the Fortune was the Thing I had in view. What, replied the Doctor, on such damned Conditions?—O you Scoundrel, how like a Thief you look? To which *Dick* answered, If we may judge from Appearances, Sir, your Aspect is not the most Orthodox in the World. Pray, Sir, why so disincumbered: where's your Tunick, your Quoif and Castor: methinks the Lady too was a little in Haste; her Drapery is but thin; mere Gauze indeed. The Climate is warm. I warrant you your whole Contour is somewhat questionable. Pray tell

tell the Constable and the Jury what you know of this Matter.

With that the Company burst into a loud Laugh, and offered the Lady a Glas of Gin to comfort her, which she kindly accepted of.

Oh, oh, says *Dick*, I see that Miss is, indeed, a Whore, and the young Doctor her——

What, you Rascal, answered *Jack*, is your Leg got well again? Then knocking up his Heels with great Dexterity, down comes *Dick* at his full Length whap upon the Floor. His Length was not extraordinary; so springing up very nimble, a Battle ensued, where success hung doubtful; for *Dapper Dick*, though not near as tall as his Antagonist, had the Advantage of a good Education at *Hockley in the Hole*, and managed his Knuckles with such Dexterity, that the young Doctor had near enough on't.

But now the Prince of Darkness proclaimed a Peace, which, with some Reluctance, was at last obeyed.

The Constable then desired the Doctor to give a short, but true Account of his Adventure, which, indeed, he did, from the Beginning, with great Exactness.

But, says the Constable, how came you to press the Lady into the Service, with such Precipitation?

Jack answered, I was no sooner got under the Bed, than I heard something stir upon it, and a Voice at the same Time, which uttered these Words; Damn me, what Frolick is this, to put the Booby under the Bed; I think Mrs. *Gilson* is got into her Tantrams: then, stretching out her Hand, My Dear, says she, come into Bed; there's enough of these Frolicks: leave the drunken Sots together. I must confess my Fears gave way; I could not resist so kind a Call.

Miss

Miss soon found her Mistake ; and Things were now so far gone, that there was no Remedy but going on farther.

In short, Matters went so well, that she agreed to get out at Window with me, and leave the Milkop her Husband to wear the Willow, and be damned. It was a Match of Mrs. Gibson's making, for Ends of her own. She did not care if the Devil had the Priest, and the Bridegroom too. Mrs. Gibson, she said, lived at the lower End of *Little Queen Street*; kept an Academy, and she was one of her Pupils; but meeting with an Accident, in the way of Business, she retired to Mr. Milkop's for her Health; where he thought proper, truly, to fall in love with her; which tender Passion of his through Mother Gibson's Assistance, soon ripened into Matrimony; but she liked me much better for a few Nights than him. She did not care if the Devil had them all. Here stands the Lady, let her deny it if she can.

Not I, by Heavens, says Miss Jenny; but I wish I had my Cloaths again.

By this Time his worthy Friend Dr. Green was arrived; for Jack had sent him Notice how Matters stood. The Doctor soon settled with the Constable; equipped the Chevalier with some Covering; Miss Jenny was taken Care of for the present; Dick Eagle and his Damsel were sent to *Newgate* for further Examination; and so the Court broke up for this Time.

CHAP. II.

In this Chapter an Incident of a striking Complexion begins to lay open and explain the Text of our intended Narrative. The Reader will quickly see more of it.

OUR Doctor went on in the Improvement of his Pestle and fine Person. The Harmony of the one, the Appearance and Address of the other were audibly and visibly in the Increase. He now began to look down upon the Undertakers and Sexton, the Parson himself vouchsafes to be his Acquaintance, and often asked him to his House, nay even the rigid unmusical Ironmonger began to soften his Severity; and, by the Help of a little black Wool stuffed into his Ears, our loud sounding Syren had by Degrees less and less Influence over his litigious Temper, till at last he could (as the saying is) sleep like the Smith's Dog under the Anvil, nay snore after Dinner, though then the medical Peal was in its highest Paroxysm.

But Chance, or Fortune, or Luck, or what you please to call it, would not suffer this *Fiat Lux* to be longer shut in from the world. He had, like his Brother the Sun, his Race to finish, and a gigantic Race it was indeed.

It often happens, that the smallest Springs give Motion to the largest Bodies, the slightest Causes bring the greatest Effects to Birth.

Lo! Miss Jenny, among the Multitude of her Experiments, could not forget some certain agreeable Incidents which happened on her Wedding-Night near *Pancrass*; they were working in her Memory every now and then; and sometimes they struck the Organs of her Fancy.

As all Excellence is founded in Relation, and Things are good and bad merely from Comparison, she could not but give the Preference where it was certainly due: And *Jenny* thought herself a Judge; yea, she was frequent in her Visitation to the young Chevalier, but not in *propria Persona*; no, she came accoutred in his own Coat, Hat, and Breetches; the two first of these Father *Tedy* had bestowed on Mrs. *Gibson* as Trophies of the Field near *Pan-crafs*, the other under Articles were supplied by *Jack* himself, in order to carry on his amorous Project. She came as a young Spark, who stood in need of the Doctor's Help in certain Parts of his Profession. The Doctor administered. The Cure went on as a Palliative only, for the Patient often relapsed.

Jack's Mistress, about this Time, began to take sharp Notice of his Doings. She watched him close, and thought she spyed something odd in the Behaviour of his Friend and Patient, something that sent her Fancy back a roving to *Vinegar-Yard*.

Sir *Francis*, *Dick Eagle*, and the Lord knows what, *Jack*, and his Patient, used to go up into a back Room two pair of Stairs high, in order to examine and compare Things together. Where, one unlucky Day, the Devil, in the Shape of Curiosity, prompted the Household-Dove to follow up, and peep through a Chink. What was her Astonishment? she screamed, she clapped her Hands, she cried out, The Villain *Dick Eagle* hath undone him——Oh Husband! Husband! your House is cursed——Mr. *Brady*, *Sodom* and *Gomorrab*——O you smock-faced Villain! Such a hellish Prank, and I at Home too! Oh *Jack*, *Jack*!——But *Newgate* shall——

Her

Her Husband now came running up, Why, what the Devil Madam's here? You'll frighten all the Parish!

O the filthy Creatures, Husband! What a pocky Case!—a Fistula perhaps.—

The Devil's in the Woman. Is the House on Fire? What's the Matter, Jack?

I'll tell you, Sir, says Jack, and springing, at one Leap, he cleared the half Pace, then down he ran, and in a Moment reached the Street, leaving poor Jenny in her Masquerade, to act her Part as well as she could. He had an Uncle at Hoxton, near Moorfields, who lives in the same Spot to this Hour: To him he ran and told his Story.

Miss Jenny, in the mean while, was on her Trial. Mrs. Brady's Evidence was point blank. The Judge was going to pass Sentence, but Jenny begged a Moment's Respite, desired to speak a Word in private with Mrs. Brady, where she soon discovered the naked Truth. She is sent to Tottle-fields to take the Air; where she ruminates sadly over the Hempen Block, and curses from her Heart her nuptial Night near Pancrass.

C H A P. III.

Matters now begin to grow serious, and put on an Air of Consequence. The Story begins to look like Business. But let us go on.

OUR Doctor is kindly received by his Uncle, who advised him of all Things to return to his Master.

No, says the Chevalier, that can never be. I feel my Heart enlarge itself. Something tells me, Uncle, that I shall, one Day, make the World admire me. I'll ring no more the Mortar. I have

have another Part to act. Assist me to appear in proper Colours. A Fortune I shall make, Sir. The Ladies will observe this Shape and Person. A Mien like mine to stand behind a Counter !

In short, his Uncle equipt him in the Habili-ments of a young Physician, just going to open the Campaign ; a large ty'd Periwig, a Suit of Sables, Scarlet Cloak, Cane and Sword, &c. &c.

With these medical *Insignia*, and his fine Per-son, now in the Bloom of Youth and Spirits, out he sallies and feels a secret Pride exulting at his Heart ; his Pulse beats high ——— a Fortune ; a Coach and Six were ever present to his Fancy. Another *Quixot* with as warm a Frenzy, but a much more pleasing Countenance.

He had not long pursued his Adventures, be-fore he was struck by an agreeable young Lady, who had, it seems, more Merit than Fortune.

Love is the first and most powerful of all Beings, Ambition, Avarice, and the rest are but Lackqueys in his Train.

The Doctor pays him⁹¹ Homage. The Match is made at Blind-man's buff, and he is married. But, alas ! the Honey Moon is melted down—his Fever is abated—he begins to stare about, and wonders where he is. He finds out, by Degrees, that a little Cash might have made his Yoke much more agreeable : But that was too vulgar an En-quiry for him before Marriage, and was, now alas ! a fruitless one after it.

He had got into Debt a good deal, and had no Wife's Portion to pay it with. His Mother how-ever supplies him with several Sums, from Time to Time. But she soon found that the Doctor could spend more Thousands than she had Twentys : Notwithstanding she let him have one Sum more ; the last he was ever to expect from her. She gave him thirty Guineas to open his Way into St.

Thomas's

Thomas's Hospital as a young Surgeon, where that excellent Artift Mr. *Chefelden* then presided; from whom Chevalier *Taylor* received the first Rudiments of his Art as an Oculist, and to whom he was afterwards an Honour.

Being now come to Age, he took Possession of his Mansion-House, as he called it; but to his great Surprize, he found it mortgaged by his Mother, in order to defray the Charges of his Education. He sells it for two hundred Pounds, promises his Mother her Moiety of that Sum; which, thro' Hurry or Inadvertence, he forgot to perform. And, in his great Generosity, he gave his younger Brother a Shilling.

A fine Shop is now preparing at *Norwich*. Drugs are sent for from *London*, with an Apparatus for cutting for the Stone; Midwifery, &c. &c. Fine Furniture was not forgot. But, before the elegant Doctor could open in form, he was attended with more Creditors than Patients. Cutting for the Stone he soon laid down, as his first Attempt in that Way proved unsuccessful, though the Process was allowed by good judges to be well pursued.

The Doctor as yet unhackny'd in the Ways of Men, had great Regard to his moral and professional Characters, notwithstanding a few family Slips. Midwifery he had not long pursued, having it seems, a greater Propensity to make pregnant than to bring forth; as the first Operation, he said, was absolutely necessary to multiply the Species; whereas, in the other Case, Nature oftendid her own Business, without any Assistance from Art.

Though the Doctor had, at this Time under his Tuition, several genteel Pupils, who brought him in a round Sum; yet his profuse Way of Living, in less than six Months, drove him into Sanctuary, where he remained, till his Creditors could be prevailed

vailed upon to sign a certain Instrument, called a Letter of License.

During his Retirement, he got, by way of Amusement, two Wenches with Child, while his Wife was busy abroad in conciliating his Creditors. One of the Girls was brought to-bed about a Fortnight before the other; when he found it no small Difficulty to give Security to the Parish-Officers. He persuaded the other, after her Lying-in, being now upon the verge of a Decampment, to put on Boy's Cloaths, attend him as his Page, and fly off with him to *Holland*; which she did. But an Accident there discovered her Sex, which obliged the Doctor to send her packing Home again, the Laws in *Holland* being very severe against such Masqueradings.

The Doctor however, broke the Ice, (as the Saying is) in this Country with some Success. He restored to Sight the Daughter of a rich Jew, which the Faculty had given up as incurable; for which Exploit he was very well rewarded by her Father. But the Doctor thought himself in Gratitude obliged to do something more for his Money. He laboured to clear up the Eye of her Mind, and by many feeling Arguments put strongly home to her, and pressed upon her, was making her a Convert to Christianity as fast as he could. But the Doctor's Zeal happened to be a little indiscreet: For the young Lady's Aunt overheard his Casuistry one Day as she went up Stairs, through the Means of a loquacious Bedsted; and being herself a *Hebrew* of the *Hebrews*, a Daughter of *Abraham* in the right Line, she soon apprized the *Canaanite* her Brother, what kind of Missionary he had got into his Family.

Alarmed at the News, Old *Shylock* was for putting him to Death immediately. But his Wife, much more inclined to Mercy than he, opposed it
by

by all Means, and advised to keep him in close Confinement, till an Opportunity of sending him abroad to the *East Indies* should happen, which must soon be, as several Ships were getting ready to sail in a few Days for that Country; and then, says she, he may be disposed of, without any Danger to us, or our Daughter's Reputation: To which Proposal, *Sbylock*, after some Difficulty, agreed; but added he, the Villain shall take *Abdes* every Day he stays here.

Now, whether the above Advice, given by the Wife, proceeded from Prudence, Pity, or any other moral or human Principle, is, perhaps with the Doctor himself, no small Matter of Doubt, since, by spelling and putting Things together, he has Reason to suspect that certain Motives of quite a different Complexion were the real Cause. But, be that as it may, our Occulist is now in the Dark himself, closely confined, where he fed upon the Bread of Affliction, and drank the Water of Bitterness for three whole Days together. On the fourth he saw Light, which, as *Milton* says, served only to discover Sights of Woe.

Lo! now three Olive-coloured, ugly Ruffians entered his Dungeon, with rueful Looks, and with Lamps in their Hands. They lead him down a back Stair-case, into a deep and dismal Cellar, where he saw the angry *Jew*, his Wife and Sister. He saw and trembled. When lo! a large capacious Copper Cistern stands ready to receive him. Thither the three Ruffians led him. Naked, as he was, except about the middle, where something like *Adam's* Figg-leaf did him the like Office, in they hove him, and turned at once upon him twenty Cocks, which, like the Cataracts of *Nile*, came rushing from above, below, and round about him.

Now, says the *Jew*, thou vile *Nazarene*! pump or drown.——There was a Pump, and, with

Emulation

Emulation great as *Hercules*, the Doctor seized it. He labours now for Life—he counterworks the Cocks.—He cries aloud for Mercy : But *Shylock* told him if he loved Baptism, he had now Water enough to wash away his foul Pollutions.—He toils, and is a Match for all the Currents. And now the Smoke, like *Ætna's* reeking Top, ascends in Volumes from his Forehead. He keeps for once a Medium. His Comings-in and Goings-out are nearly equal ; it could not last—the Balance now is turned. How unlike his Coffers ! A Plethory prevails, and he is oppressed by Fullness—the Water rises as his Sinews slacken—they mount triumphant to his Neck. Ah ! there, says *Shylock*, should a Halter lodge. They reach his Chin.

And now the Wife cries out for Mercy. The Doctor is reprieved—they lay him at his length—they give him Breathing-time—they give him Gin—he rises—they lead him to his dismal Mansion. Three Days he underwent this watery Purgatory.

The fourth, at Noon, his Crime being now pretty well washed away, a small Collation waits upon him. He wonders much, and is refreshed. That very Evening he is carried, gag'd and blinded, to a little House near the Water-side, where he is again locked up, but is much better treated than at the *Jew's* : Here he passed a Part of the Night in no very comfortable Condition.

The Horror of his late Punishment, and the Apprehension of something worse that might ensue, sat troublesome upon his Mind. He has an eager longing after a Knowledge of Futurity—He wishes any Weight were thrown in, to sink the Scale of Certainty. For to him, in his present Situation, suspense, that neutral State, that neither

one Thing nor another, was much worse than the most positive Evil that could happen.

One Reflection still remained to comfort him, the Purity of his Intention, and his filial Integrity which prompted him to bring over Profelytes from all Religions to his spiritual Mother, the Church of *England*. This was the Staff on which his Virtue leaned. In this he found a Prop for all Afflictions. Nay, he looked upon himself, in some sort, to be a Martyr ; and was determined to persevere.

In the midst of these solemn Reflections, what was his Amazement, to see enter the Chamber, one of his Body-Guards, with a Sabre and a Lanthorn ; who commanded our Missionary to rise and follow him, without speaking one Word. The Doctor did so. - He led him through back Lanes and narrow Streets, to where a Coach stood, at the Extremity of the Town ; then, pointing to him to step into it, he made his Bow and suddenly was gone.

The Doctor obeyed, and met in the Coach a gay young Chevalier, richly habited, who made a sign to him to continue silent. The Coach roll'd away with Speed ; and, when the Morning appeared, he found himself four Leagues from the City of *Amsterdam*. His Fellow-Traveller had been upon the reserve till now ; when, with the rising Sun, he revealed himself, and with equal Beauty shone upon the World. It was indeed the charming *Deborah*, the Doctor's Patient and enlightened Profelyte, that was her Name, the *Jew's* Daughter who had contrived this Method of Escape for her two-fold Physician. They embrace, rejoice—Oh such a Change of Fortune ! They whirl on to the *Hague*, with Design to embark for *England*.

Deborah

Deborah had taken Care to secure a large Sum, with Diamonds of great Value. They are arrived—took Lodgings.—Our Chevalier lived with his lovely Convert, who walked in her Disguise (of a young Gentleman of Quality) during their Abode in this agreeable Place.

It was the Doctor's Lot (whose Life must be chequered) to meet, at a Visit which he made to a Clergyman, his Friend, a renegado Friar, of the Order of *St. Dominic*, who, having fled from his Convent on meer religious Motives, came to *Holland*, to abjure the *Popish*, and embrace the *Protestant* Communion. The Minister, to whom he addressed himself, promised to apply to the Government in his Favour. He told him, the Doctor was an earnest good *Protestant* and an *Englishman*; to whom he might with great Safety, unbosom himself. He advised him to lodge in the same House with the Doctor, till his Affairs were settled. The Doctor invited him heartily to his Hotel, whither the *Dutch* Parson, the *French* Friar, and the *Ubiquitarian* Chevalier quickly repaired.

The Friar soon appeared to be a Gentleman of fine Taste and Learning, together with an Address and Politeness far above the Sphere of *St. Dominic*.

The Friar and the Doctor grew every Day more and more good Friends—they agree to set out together for *England*. The Friar was far from being poor. A Fortnight passed in this agreeable Situation. The handsome *Deborah* still making one of the Company, in Character of our Chevalier's Kinsman. Never did Dr. Taylor pass a more agreeable Interval.

The Friar, by this Time, had cast his Coat, and appeared in a brilliant Habit, which best became him. He sung, he danced, was witty, told

a Story admirably. He often amused himself with the Doctor's Cousin at a Game at Chess. He did every Thing with a Grace and Manner which spoke the highest Breeding, without the least Pedantry. He said, It was his Disguise; for he expected every Moment to be pursued from *France*, as he was a Person of Family, and had renounced his Religion.

In short, *Deborah* and he exchanged one Confidence for another; and, by unbuttoning a little, *Deborah* made no Scruple, at last, of letting the Friar into her whole Story. She begged his Advice and Assistance, which he gave, and promised her with great Gladness. They sat whole Afternoons together; when the Friar, to divert his Anxiety, would make her some Tenders of Gallantry, not with any serious Intention to be sure; but rather as an Exercise of his Faculties, and to dissipate the Lady's Chagrine. But the next Chapter shall inform you, how far his Philosophy was a Match for his Love, and what followed in Consequence thereof.

C H A P. IV.

The Reader has now the Clue in his Hand; and, without conjuring, may guess at what follows in this Chapter. But he shall know the Particulars.

THIS friendly Traffick went on, it seems, with warm Success; and refined itself into something more seraphic than meer Good-will; or what the unfeeling Part of Mankind call Friendship. There was Sentiment it's true, in this Exchange of Kindness; But meer Sentiment is too cold a Commerce. The Pathetic and the Heart

must

must be infused. The Friar himself explained it all, and put his Lesson into Practice with great Energy of Soul ; nor was *Deborah* a whit behind in her Proportion ; as the Chevalier himself, with some Emotion, was soon convinced of, at his Return from visiting his Friend the Clergyman ; who charged him with some important Message to the Friar : For he was now pursued from *France*.

I say the Chevalier, coming to his Lodgings in great Haste, and stepping up Stairs to acquaint his Friend with what he heard, he there surprized *Deborah* and Father *Dominic* much in the same Attitude and Employment that Mrs. *Brady* had seen him and his Bride *Jenny*. The Doctor, no strict Votary to Virtue himself, felt upon this Occasion a kind of Resentment, that arose rather from Interest than Principle.

Deborah had got some Hold on his Affections and Gratitude, and the Friar on his Friendship ; both which he found a little troublesome to part with at one Pluck. He was tempted to break open the Door for that was locked, and reek his Vengeance at a Blow. But Prudence this once put herself between him and his Passion. He fretted, paused, considered, and so went down Stairs again with full Resolution to tell the Parson what a hopeful Pair of Proselytes they had got in hand.

He no sooner turned the Corner of the Street, than he met with one *O' Farrel*, an *Irish* Gentleman then in the *French* Service, whom he knew formerly in *London* ; where he healed up several Scars received by the Captain in the Wars of *Venus*.

O' Farrel embraced him with great Show of Friendship ; and told him, There was a Countryman of his, an Ecclesiastic of great Distinction,

with whom he would make him acquainted ; and begged the Honour of his Company to dine with them that Day, if not engaged.

The Doctor made no Scruple to comply in hopes it might dissipate the Chagrin his late Discovery had occasioned.—So together they went to a Tavern, where they dined very chearfully, and drank a Bottle of the best.

O' Farrel, as he grew warm told the Doctor, he would acquaint him, in Confidence of his Friendship, with an Affair of some Moment ; not doubting in the least of his Advice and Assistance.

To which *Taylor* answered, say on, and never doubt me.

Then says *O' Farrel*, I am to tell you, Sir, that my Friend the Clergyman and I are come into *Holland*, in pursuit of a Gentleman, a Brother of his Order, who has unhappily eloped from his Convent. But that is not all, added the Captain ; he has carried off with him, a Sum of Money, and Jewels, of great Value, the Property of a young Lady his own Kinswoman : For indeed he is come of a very good Family. And this ugly Slip, says he, will be a great Disgrace to his Family, and his Order beside. I would give a good deal to hear of him.

The Doctor instantly smoked the Affair ; and asked them some leading Questions. Every Thing tally'd exactly. They drew the Friar's Picture to a Hair.

And now our Chevalier's Mind began to work. He held a Council within. There Jealousy and Resentment opened the Cause in Favour of *O' Farrel* and his Friend. They pleaded warmly. But, on the other Hand, Honour, Friendship and Gratitude would needs be heard too. They made
some

come Impression; and the Ballance now was almost equal.

When *O' Farrel's* Friend, perceiving the Doctor's Suspense, told him with great Frankness, that he judged him to be more a Gentleman and a good Christian, than to refuse his Aid in so laudable an Affair, as bringing a foul Criminal to Justice: So saying, he pulled from his Finger a Ring of some Value, which he begged the Doctor would accept of; nay he put it on himself.

This was too much—this turned the Scale. And Father *Dominic* and Miss *Deby* were both missing the next Day. The Thing made a Noise. —The Parson, enquiring at the Lodging, was told, That the Chevalier went out in the Morning, but did not return as usual to Dinner; but sent a Coach in the Evening with an Invitation to the two Gentlemen to sup with him at a Tavern.

The Parson applied to the Government, who offered a Sum for bringing back the Friar; and ordered all the *Roman Catholic* Clergy in that District to be put into close Confinement, till Father *Dominic* was forth-coming.

The Doctor took to his Heels, well knowing that the Consequence would be fatal to him. He took Shipping with a good round Sum in his Pocket, and landed in *England*, with a Mixture in his Mind of Triumph and Remorse.

Here the Scene is changed ; and the Subject, it is hoped, will not be less entertaining in the Sequel.

HE appears grand ; and made some Progress in his Fame for giving Light, with the other professional Feats : For he practised yet as a Physician and Surgeon.

In general he became more and more extravagant. He grew giddy with Success, and overshot all Bounds.—He is again brought low in Fortune. When meeting with a Mountebank in the West of England, he agreed to join him with all the Stock of Knowledge, Effrontery, Dexterity, Elocution and Address, which he had gathered up on the Continent and elsewhere.

No General was ever better qualified to take the Field, than was our Doctor to mount the Stage itinerant.

Bills were printed for the first Time, and handed about, those constant Postillions of his Fame, his Forerunners ever after ; to signify that a regular bred Artist, out of meer Humanity, had for the first Time, condescended to appear on high, for the public Good. He had prepared an elaborate and eloquent Oration, which Fate and a rainy Day hindered him from delivering. But as the Original is in our Hands, we will give it to the Reader in the Words that follow :

The Mountebank's Speech.

THE Nature of Good, my worthy Countrymen, is to communicate itself. Good is a communicative Thing. Good is not selfish, or solitary. Good is no Good, except it is diffused.

Good,

Good, like a Dunghill, is good for nothing, till it is spread about; and for the Matter of that, no more is a heap of Gold itself.

This Remark the Banker and the Husbandman will judge a good one. The Miser may perhaps put in his Exception; but my Lord *Bacon* and the Gold Finder will both tell him, that he lies. And, what is Gold; or even Dung itself, a much more useful Commodity? I say, what is either of them; or both of them, when they are compared to the Manure of the Mind? when they are compared to Knowledge, to saving Knowledge; such saving Knowledge is the greatest Good of Mortals? Gold and Dung, are Creatures of the Earth; Knowledge is the Child of Heaven. A Thief may steal the Gold, and Farmers carry off the Dung; but, Gentlemen, no Thief, but Death, can rob you of your Knowledge.

Knowledge is your own; a Treasure within you, which can never be made less by sharing it with a Friend.

That's another Point, in which it flogs your Gold. He that has Knowledge, and will not communicate, is the worst of Misers. Knowledge is the Food of the Mind, and the Medicine of the Body.

But, must a Man of Skill, therefore, keep a Preacher's or a Chemist's Shop, sit still and expect his Neighbours to come in with their Money and purchase by the Pound? No, Gentlemen, a Man of benevolent Parts, who loves the World, must go abroad, must travel with his Ware; not like a fat old, rich Brazier, who sits behind his Counter exchanging his Dross for real Gold. No, Sirs, but like an honest Tinker, who trots about from Place to Place, who rings his Brass, and brings the Bees together. He can mend the

Housewife's leaky Kettle in her own Sight and Hearing; and her Husband too may see him do it. —

Parish Parsons are lazy Fellows. Once a Week, indeed, they open House, serve up the same old-fashioned Mefs, and all the Country far and near, must come to hear them forsooth.

The trading Justice is another sedentary Rogue, who leans upon his Elbow in his Office, and makes the Bible do the Devil's Work.

The Apothecary, Gentlemen, is a Knave, who keeps his Poison in a Heap, and makes it still more rank, by lying long together.

The Mountebank, my Friends, or travelling Leech, he gives his Medicines Air; they travel with himself, for Health; and what they gain by going about they give.

The Mountebank's the Man of saving Knowledge. He'll keep no Shop neither, like the Preacher, Chemist, Brazier, Parson, trading Justice, or Apothecary, these local, lazy Weeds, that fatten and rot upon the Ground they cumber.

The Mountebank is like the Tinker in his Trudge, the Judge upon his Circuit, the Bishop in his Visitation, the Doctor in his Country Call, and *Whitefield* in his Province. —

The Mountebank, or Travelling-Doctor is like the Sun, the Patron of his Art, he shines out far and near; he blazes as he travels.

Publick Spirit, among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, was reckoned the highest Virtue. The Person who possessed that noble Quality, was called a Patriot.

A Man might be a Patriot, in those Days, without stirring much abroad. If he travelled to the Town-House, from some neighbouring Street, and there got up upon what they called, a Rostrum, or something made of old Ships Rudders, and
talked

talked an Hour or so, about Corruption, Liberty and the King of *Parthia*, his Work was done at once; the Alderman was dubb'd a Patriot, and all the Neighbours worshipped him. How cheap was Honour purchased in those Days? In latter Ages the Thing was better understood, when the princely Fashion of Knight-Errantry first prevailed in the World. Then did the true publick Spirit kindle up the Souls of Heroes, pious Sons of Hardyhood and Honour, to sally forth in Defence of Innocence oppressed and injured Virtue, forsaking all for Honour's sake, and wedding as it were their Virtue to the publick Good; not like our modern Militia, who grumble at losing sight of their own Dunghills. These Gentlemen bid farewell to all domestic Allurements, Forests, Heaths, enchanted Caves, and Castles, Giants, Rogues and Robbers, and all the Instruments and Powers of Darknes; with these they waged incessant War, in spite of Hunger and Cold, in spite of Toil and Danger, in spite of broken heads and broken Ribs, they still rode on triumphant; they were Honour's true Apostles; nay they suffered Martyrdom in fighting for that Goddess. The renowned *Quixote* will inform you more.

What think you then, Gentlemen, of us who stand before you in this exalted Light? What think you, Sirs, of me who trampling on all Temptations, to sit still spurning at Wealth and Grandeur, Distinction and Applause; who, I say, in spite of all this, have made myself a Footstool of these very Motives, in Order to raise me up to this exalted Station?

I am now the tallest Man among five Thousand. I look down upon you all, but it is with the Eyes of Pity and compassion for your many Ailments and Infirmities. My healing Dews shall soon descend upon you. My Medicine, like the Manna
in

in the Wilderness, shall fall in Showers around you, and restore your Peace.

I am the Man of Knowledge, mentioned as above, who scorned to sit at Home, and deal it out in Scruples.

I am the communicative Man, who gives it to his Friends in Handfuls. My Manna I spread about, my Gold I circulate; my Virtue shall revive you, my Knowledge shall preserve you.

I am your Champion in the Cause of Health. I trample down the Dragon called Disease. I pull out his Sting and send him soon a packing.

No Hospital shall stand hereafter, with Charity on the Face, and Knavery in the Heart. No Lazar-House, these Sores of Honesty, shall hence infect the Land, and rob the Purses of the Public to bolster up the Lazy, and the Ignorant. No, Gentlemen, these Citadels of Fraud shall soon be scattered.

Behold the Bullet that shall demolish them. This Pill, this mighty Pill, when shot from the Artillery of my Knowledge, shall lay them all in Rubbish.

This Bullet shall destroy that Python the Apothecary, and Health and Honesty shall sing afresh through the Land.

This Pill shall counteract *Pandora's Box*, and drive away all physical and moral Evils; that is, Gentlemen, all Disease and Doctors. No *Rock* shall then remain; no *French Distemper*, no Pill, or Drop, excepting mine, shall soon be heard of; no glittering Equipage to dazzle vulgar Eyes; no boisterous Eloquence to stun their Ears. This little Pill shall do the Work in Silence. It is a World of healing Virtue, a Globe of salutary Good; nor need you dig into its Bowels for the precious Balm, it is all but one continued Virtue unmixed, one pure Elixir unalloyed, the Surface
and

and the Center are the same; it is a Universe of Good, the true Catholicon of Man.

Let no Horrors henceforth hang upon the fierce Embrace of rapid Lovers, or damp their extatic Joy with Apprehensions of the foul Disease. This little *Nostrum* is your Sword and Buckler; this shall beat down every *French* Antagonist: This is your *Palladium*. This precious Shield was dropped from Heaven. This Heal-stone of the friendly Atmosphere.

James's Powders are not more potent in their Province, that Foe to Fevers.

But mark me, Sirs, this little Pill is like the King of *Prussia*. It is a Match for many. It resembl-eth, in its Power the Rod of *Aaron*. It swallow-eth up all other Medicines and Diseases too. It is in that respect the Gūlph of all human Care.

Consider then, my Countrymen, had I sat still at Home, and kept this mighty Secret to myself, what would become of the bulk of mankind? One City, or Town, perhaps had reaped the Benefit of this amazing Medicine, a Medicine of more Utility to Mankind than all the Longitudes, and perpetual Motions in the World. I say, this inestimable Pill might then have rendered immortal a Parish or two. Perhaps that is the narrow Circle of my own particular Customers, whilst all the Sons and Daughters of *Adam* besides, were left a Prey to Apothecaries, Quacks, Disease and Death. Ah! what a dreadful Consequence must have followed such a local Cast of Mind in me: But, Thanks to Heaven, my Dwelling is the Universe.

The World's a wise Man's Home. What a Wretch were I, if the Love of Money, or the Love of Ease had fixed me, like a Pump or Pillory, to one sordid Spot! No, Gentlemen, a strong Philanthropy had seized my Heart. I look-
ed.

ed abroad with Pity on my Kind — my Bowels yearned on the human Race. In short I sold off all, joined with Dr. *Green* ; and here I stand before you, in the Prime of Youth and Vigour, with all my Faculties of Mind and Body in their utmost Prime, at their vertic Point of high Perfection : Every Thought and Sentiment, every Joint and Member I consecrate to publick Use. Myself, and all I have, I dedicate to you.

Alcides, in his Time, was such a Man as I am. His Knowledge, Courage, Virtue, Strength, his Club, and all were offered to his Country's Service. He travelled far and near, and made the World the better for him.

Æsculapius himself, the Father of the Faculty, was a Sort of Mountebank : He went about, its true, on Foot ; nor is it fully clear, that he mounted any Stage ; Tradition there is something doubtful. But he went about, he culled his Simples, and he milked his Goats, administering as he went from Town to Town ; nor did his Dog remain behind him. He dreamt not of a gilded Chariot, or a shining Fee ; nor was he warmed by a chymic Fire. He never heard a mortar ring in all his Life. A Clyster-Pipe was then as little known as Printing.

It is a Doubt among the learned, if ever *Æsculapius* felt a Pulse, or not. In this they all agree, he did not cure a Clap. *Æsculapius*, Sirs, was nothing if compared to me. And let me speak it out, the breathing tribe of all his present Sons this little Pill shall supersede. The Faculty shall fall, and Funerals shall be scarce. The Sexton, in Despair, shall throw his Spade aside, and dance about with Bear and Fiddle. The Parson shall feed on Christenings and Weddings. The Wedding Music and the Morning Drum shall oft be heard ; but seldom, seldom shall the Passing-Bell

athwart

athwart the evening Concert toll, and mix Mortality with Music. The Undertakers then shall all turn Dancing-Masters; and Doctors play upon the Pipe and Tabor. Their moral Caterers, the just Apothecaries, shall fling their Gallipots upon the Dunghill, sell Salloop at Corners, to Shoe-blacks, and to *Strand-Walkers*; or open Cooks-Shops in *Porrage-Island*, *Vinegar-Yard*, and *Long-Ditch*, *Westminster*; instead of Pills and Drugs, to dress up Beef and Cabbage for Carmen, and for Porters.

Oh! what a Falling-off is this! How many Volumes then shall greedy *Vulcan* swallow! What *Vaticans* of medical Report shall then be silent? How poor Hypothesis shall bleed? I speak to you the Attorneys of the Faculty, you Clyster-giving Tribe: I see you grin with murky, lowering Looks, with meagre, cloudy, gallows Faces; your Chariots shall come down; you'll foot about again in sultry Weather, and turn the Tallow in your Faces to red. You'll give good Pennyworths in the *Strand* again; that's the Market for Salloop.

How Guess-work now shall go to wreck! How hoar Credulity shall drop her Looking-Glass and Spectacles, and grope about for something certain! How vain-Authority shall then look blank! when Learning urg'd by Truth, shall open but her musty Roll, and fling the stale commission, by some few Exceptions, in this general Wreck. — Merit, immortal Merit, makes Sages, that are Proof to Fire; whose Books are incumbustible, and only with the World shall burn.

I see the Hand of pure, impartial Criticism cull them from among the Heaps of Tinder, just catching at the Flame, and place them high upon the same Shelf with *Bacon*, *Lock* and *Tully*, with *Addison* and *Plato*; these Authors are but few who escape the fiery Trial, the *English* ones I mean; and Foreigners, I fear, are fewer still; the
Names.

Names I think are, *Sydenham*, *Freind*, *Wellwood*, *Garth* and *Mead*, these of former Times. The present Sons of Practice are equal in their Claim, and shall live as long as they did; that is till they die. But then their Works shall stay behind them, and look as fresh as theirs at Doom's-Day.

Let me see, in this Hurry, none but First-rates will be visible. O, aye, there's *Hulse* and *Heberden*, sagacious learned *Nugent*, and my lively Name's sake *Taylor*, a polished little Gem; these may go on out of meer Decency, while they chuse; but the Business drops with them. They must not propagate.

What a wonderful working Pill is this! — The Doctors and the Water-men shall be useless soon alike; the one, when the new Bridge is built; and the other, when I have got my Patent. Why, I shall drive these Fellows out of Fashion, as the Musquet did the Bow and Arrow. My Bullet here, this little Pill, is worth a thousand Archers. These Sons of *Phæbus* shall shoot their Shafts no more against the Moon, and wound the Patient's Rocket.

My honest Battery is levelled at the whole Alliance of all human Maladies. Down they go, at one invincible Broadside. What need so many Ways to dispatch poor *Towser*, since one will do?

Brevity in Business, Gentlemen, is the Life of Trade. What Statues, Sirs, what Columns shall be reared to me! But not at *Spaw*, at *Bristol*, or at *Bath*, nor yet at *Leyden*. My Trophies shall ascend in Cities full of Luxury, where riots Joy, where *Venus*, *Bacchus*, and the Muses make their lov'd Abode, where Pleasure reigns unsoil'd by Care; and Mirth and Fancy sweep the gay Horizon; that is, they'll like me better at *St. James's End* of the Town, than at *White-Chapel*; at *Arthur's*, better than at *Lloyd's*: Though now
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of late, as Things have taken a Turn, 'tis hard to tell the Courtier from the Pedlar; the *Exchange*, forsooth is like the Drawing-Room, though a little awkward in the Copy, as once the Ass would imitate the Spaniel. When Tradesmen's Wigs are hung with empty Bags to them, I tremble for their Heads and Pockets.

Should old Sir *Thomas Gresham* animate his *Gothic* Statue, and look from thence upon his metamorphos'd Acre, he would bless himself, and think, that all *America* had sent her mimic Tribes to practise Counting-House Congees, where *Wal-fingham* and *Burleigh* used to meet; for they would mix with Merchants. Merchants are the Pillars of the State, robust and plain, the *Tuscan* or the *Doric* if you will. Their Office is to stand abroad, to bear up the Weight of all the incumbent Palace. The soft exuberant, *Corinthian*; or the Harlot decked, wanton, proud *Composite*, should rank for idle Ornaments within, and not support. Tear off ye Sons of Traffic, these gaudy good-for-nothing Trifles; give them back again to *French* Lacquies, to Fencing-Masters, to fifth-rate Players, to Opera Things. Let not a Citizen be seen to wear them. Let the Citizen rejoice in this. This is his Shirt of Mail, his Shield and Buckler in the Walks of *Convent* Garden, his *Viaticum*, his Antidote, his Safeguard in that Episode of Peril.

This Pill, this single Pill is worth a Plumb on the other Side of *Temple-Bar*. The aldermanic, sober Merchant, with this Preventive in his Pocket, may visit the Exchange in *Bow-Street* without an oil'd Surtout; He may traffic in all Weathers, and take *Jenny Douglas* at her Word; nor need he dread a Quarantine at Home. No Family falls on that Account. Inestimable Pill! It is Love's Insurance-Ticket, given out at *Cupid's* own Fire-

Fire-Office. It is an Amulet. It is a Miracle of Military Virtue, at perpetual War with every Thing that gives Disease.

How the Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout and Cholic, with all the veteran Phalanx, and the light-armed Troops, the whole chronic Camp, with every black Battalion, shall lay their dreaded Banners at my Feet, and beg for soft Conditions; but Hah! this envious Rain seems to take their Part, and is indeed their old Confederate. But let it deluge on; not all the Elements, with Luxury combined, shall stand against this Pill; nay, not all the Faculty to aid them, and their destructive Equipage to boot.

But the Rain, I see, will scatter us. It may prevent my Eloquence, but not my Art. You need not fear a Cold; here is your Riding-Coat and Boots. But still it comes down faster. The Prince of air has Notice of my Pill, and takes this Method to prevent its Virtue; it is like his antient Pranks. Some Conjuror has set **him** on. Aye, it thunders too—it is Time to go—I have got no Shield against Lightning. That Laurel is to spring. Hah, hah, that flash came near my Whiskers. We must break up. There's a Rattle for you! How it rumbles round the hollow Cieling! Another big Broad-side—down I come—'tis Time to house—it spoiled my fine Oration but my Pill is dry.

Farewel, my honest Gentlemen and worthy Friends. Remember what I have said—This Storm has broke in upon me—We'll meet again on *Saturday*.

C H A P. VI.

Here our Incidents are shifting Time and Place continually; which will afford a chequered Tale indeed. But the Reader will not take our Word, I hope.

A Gentleman of the Faculty, in that Neighbourhood, had the Curiosity to find who this regular Adventurer could be. He meets the Doctor, and discovers in him so much real Merit, that he persuaded him of all Things to check the Ambition which spurred him to ascend the Stage. And finding Necessity was as much in Fault as the Doctor's Inclination, he generously lent him a Sum of Money to set up once more with, and rescued, by that Means, our incomparable Artist from the Brand of a common Mountebank.

Here he stood **his** ground about sixteen Months, as Physician, Apothecary and Surgeon. But meeting with a Farmer's Daughter at a neighbouring Village, whom Mr. *Cheselden* had restored to Sight, it had the same Effect upon him that the Statue of *Alexander* at *Rhodes* had upon *Julius Caesar*; his Soul distended at the Sight—he felt the God within him—he kindles with the Love of Glory, sells off his Shop and Surgeon's Implements, that vulgar Apparatus; he pays the Gentleman the Sum he lent him, and with the few remaining Pieces sets off in a Coach and four, very early in the Morning.

He commences Oculist solely, renouncing all Commerce with any mechanic and degrading Professions, as he called them. He writes a Treatise upon Cataracts, which was soon republished, and dedicated, in a very pompous Stile, to the late Queen.

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He travels Northward like the Sun, giving Light and Joy.

In his Journey he performed several amazing Cures, at *New-Castle* and elsewhere.

He passes the *Tweed*, followed and preceded with Fame and Applause. He enters *Scotland*, ascends the Capital, gets Money in Handfuls, lectures in Public, makes a fine Display of his Eloquence and Diamond Ring. He pays his Addresses to a young Lady, who had a handsome Fortune, for that Country, and made Advances towards Matrimony.

Her Uncle, a Kirk Minister, and a wary Man, in whose hands her Fortune lay, had a sharp Look-out. He writes to a Friend at the *Bath*, who knew the Doctor's Story; is immediately answered, that the Doctor has been married many Years; that his Wife is living, together with a handsome Boy a Son of his. All this, says the *Bath* Friend, I know to be true. The Son is now at School in *Kensington*, and his Wife lodges with my Relation at *Chelsea*.

The young Lady, it seems, had made a private Treaty with the Doctor, and they were just upon the Brink of signing and sealing, when her Uncle shews her the Letter; and sending for the Doctor, he did him the same Favour, which so thunder-struck our detected Chevalier, that he confessed the whole Matter, said he meant nothing more than a little Amusement, begged ten thousand Pardons, and rushed into the Street.

Edinburgh is now too hot for him. He scampers off that Night, and takes shipping for *Ireland*. He lands at *Dublin* — is well received — gives a *Syllabus* — lectures in Public *gratis*.

Here he is followed by People of Fashion who invite and caress him; for bating a little of the Knight-Errant, which from our Doctor is inseparable,

rable, there was something whimsical and not disagreeable mixed with his Manner. His Style, though it sometimes bordered upon the Burlesque, yet his Deportment was so rapid and shining, one had not Time to reckon the Ridiculous, it was carried off in the Vortex of his Elocution, which made an Impression, tho' singular indeed, yet not unpleasing; it puts one in Mind of the Poem, called, *The Splendid Shilling*.

Here he met with Money, Politeness and Hospitality. But his left-handed Genius could not stand by and see him succeed so well, without dashing his Cup with a little Bitter.

He meets with an unfortunate Rub. A young Gentleman, under his Care, had by his own Misconduct, in getting Cold, and an Inflammation in Consequence, lost the Use of one of his Eyes. He was a member of the University, and a Person of Family.

He with his Friends affected to hope that his Case was not desperate.

They invite Dr. Taylor to meet, at the Gentleman's Chambers, two learned Men of the Faculty, in Order to consult what more could be done for the Patient. The Doctor attends, dressed in a Suit of rich Velvet. He is received at the Stair-foot by a Person in a black Gown, who hands him up into a large Room, hung with Cloth of the same Colour; where one Funereal Lamp afforded a Kind of Darkness visible, which quickly served to discover the Sights of Woe; for now the Gentleman had left him, and was soon succeeded by a Dozen frightful Spectres in the Shape of Furies, who made a dreadful Yelling in his Ears, one of them continually crying out, Oh, *Taylor, Taylor*, give me back my Eyes. They spit Fire at him, and play a thousand horrid Pranks. The Doctor, thinks himself in *Lucifer's* Salloon, when
presently

presently his Body is inverted, his Heels are drawn up to the Cieling, and his Head now pointing to the Center, when lo! a large Cedar Reservoir is thrown open very near his Nose, and stirred up from the Bottom by a Dozen reeking red hot Pokers. Reader, imagine what savoury Exhalations must ascend; it stupified his earthly Senses.

Overcome by such excessive Odour he hung intranced. All Marks of Life were fled, seeing, hearing, nay smelling are to him but Things indifferent; so totally abstracted was his Sensorium.

The Fiends relent, they let him down at last. He lies motionless a-while, with staring Eye-Balls and with lolling Tongue.

They let in Air. He returns unwilling to the hated Light. He breathes, he groans, he snorts, he cries out, Murder. The Watchmen, to whom he is now consigned, take Possession of the fumigated Doctor. They bear him to the Round-House.

One Comfort still among his Sufferings stuck by him; his Money, Watch, his Diamond Cross and Ring were all safe. They were, indeed, a little tarnished, and suffered, like himself, a sad Eclipse. He took Snuff immeasurably, and cast about his aromatic Essence. Nothing could sweeten his polluted Fancy. The Cedar Chest and fiery Pokers were still reeking in his Brain. He wished for the *Dutchman's* Cistern and all its rushing Streams. His Imagination stunk. Not all *Arabia* could perfume that Box. The Watchmen, nay the Gold-finders now stand aloof; no human Nose could bear it. Nor is even this the worst Indignity: *A bad Name*, as *Solomon* says, *is worse than forty Fumigations*; there, alas! it stung him. No Friend, no Medicine but Despair.

O *Taylor*! yes, there is a Medicine, there is a Friend at Hand; *Dick Eagle* is at Hand, with broken

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ken Fore-head and with blackened Eye; for he has boxed with *Paddy Crysty* the College Scull, who came athwart him in the Paths of Pimping; *Dick Eagle* is at Hand—How Friends will meet! They stand, they stare, they flink together; for *Dicky's* Galligaskins were dishonoured. Affliction makes Men Friends. They gaze again with Grief and Wonder.

In *Dicky's* Face the Rascal was predominant amidst his Woes, and claimed a Kind of *Tyburn* Pity. He hung his ignominious Head depressed by Guilt, and all his Looks proclaimed the Scoundrel—The Doctor burst out first, for he had less of Blame: O fatal Meeting! the last was in a Round-House: How escaped you *Newgate*—the Furrier's Wife from *Kingston*, Sir *Francis*, *Sodom*, setting your own House, Baron *Pengelly*? but I forgive you all—the Storm has cast us on a Rock. O, *Richard Eagle*, let us now be Friends, and Friends they were, a Coach is called, the Watch are paid, but *David Dove* will find out all To-morrow.

At *Dicky's* House they stop; it was an hospitable Door; he comforted his Friend; the Doctor in Return explores his battered Orb, and pours in lenient Medicines. It was a House of fair Reception, where twenty Beds at least were standing. Such was *Dicky's* Taste of Hospitality, magnificent and like the Manner of the East. Yea there were in it Damsels of a pleasing Hue, such as *Dicky's* wealthy Friends would oft vouchsafe to visit. In that it differed from the Mode of *Persia*; for here the Sexes met at large and trafficked. Yea it was called Love's Exchange. The good Town were sometimes smuggled; for Wives and Daughters were often asked for at *Dicky's* Door, here the Doctor lay; and *Dicky's* Eye grew better.

In this Section we are resolved to let the Story speak for itself, and shall not give a Bill of Fare at all.

BUT Fame, that tatling Pest, was now abroad. The Fumigation rose like Incense at the Altar of Detraction, grateful to the Nostril of the sneering Faculty, but to *David* and *Jenny Dove*, eternal Triumph. His *C* was gratified. To work he went, with Malice boiling over; and now a Print appears, where, dreadful to behold, the fatal Process is at large displayed. There hung the Doctor with his Heels aloft. The Pokers here and Close-stool were at work, the putrid Essence in a Cloud ascends, the Furies stir up all its Malice, the dismal Lamp glimmereth sadly over the Scene, and underneath, alas! were Verses—What Cellar, what Stall, what Garret, or what Bogg-house hath not seen the Picture?

Philosophy herself was here abashed, and even Fortitude turned pale. No Comfort but the Cordials of his Friend, I mean of *Mr. Richard Eagle*, now was left him.

He sung, he danced, he played, and now and then, by way of soft Relief, he brought his Friend a Whore; the Face he brought was always new, for *Dicky's* Flock could then afford it.

Thus shut in a whole Fortnight from the Sight of Men was the Doctor. But *Dicky's* Eye grew better; he beats about, he dines with *Humphry Gibbet, Esq.* There he saw the fair *Linnetta*, her Feature was alluring, her Eye was waggish, and her Voice was Rapture.

Dicky's Soul had fastened on her, and General *Pay-well* has a Mind to see her. The Trains are set; the Snair is fixed; *Linnetta* now improves her

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Notes at *Lazars-bill*, and *Humpbry Gibbet* is almost run mad. Revenge has Eyes like *Argos*.

Linnetta's Cage is now no more a Secret, and *Humpbry Gibbet* is resolved to have her back. He comes at Midnight with a Band of Ruffians, Sons of *Belial*; Swords, Pistols, and other Instruments of Mischief were not wanting; these were chosen Men of *Humpbry's* own Battalion.

To *Dicky's* Door they come, and soon find Entrance, the Servant is corrupted.

With Torches, and with Vizors, on they marched up the Stairs. They stand, they listen, for now a gentle Earthquake seems to shake the Floor, the Factory was all at work, a Dozen Beds at least were jogging. Zounds, what's here, says *Humpbry Gibbet*, the Forge of Propagation? Sure all the Sledges are at work, the *Cyclops* at their Anvils. O damn me, Sparks, I'll spoil your Sport; where is this Prince of Pimps? where is this Villain *Eagle*?

Not here, not here, cries out a frightened Parson in his Pannic, and leaps upon the Floor—nor here, a ghastly aged Lawyer on his Knees cries out, take Pity on my Years; I did not shake the Rafter. Black Rock Water! nothing now will do. Here, here's the Villain *Eagle*, and here's *Linnetta* too, and here is Doctor *Fumble*, and Major *Trailpike* with his shaking Head, and *Circumfloiterous* with his algebraic Mien. Was ever such a Nest of Sinners? Drag out that Rascal *Eagle*. Oh, here he is, an't please your Honour. I have him; call the Porters; get the Blanket ready; where's the Frying Pan, the Horn and Fiddles?

Lo! now, Reader, beginneth the Apotheosis of Mr. *Richard Eagle*. A frosty Night it was; the northern Bear bit very close. Lo! *Richard*, in his Shirt is led, or rather carried into the outward Court, beneath the spangling Vault of Heaven, where every angry Star was witness.

Four big-boned, sturdy, ugly Villains, with Vizards on, stood facing one another at right Angles, in an oblong Form, holding each the Corner of a Blanket. With both their Hands they held it, and often shook and stretched the elastic Mantle.

Dick beheld his Fate and ten-fold trembled. What Wonder, since Frost, and Fear, and Shame, and Rags, and Spight, were warring now within, without, and round about him.

The Doctor could not help him, and *Humphry Gibbet* is inexorable—Toss in the Scoundrel, toss in this Pimp and Poet ; keep Time, my Boys ; strike upon the Pan and Fiddle ; let the Horn have Wind. Up he goes ; he springs off finely ; keep Time, the Music and the Blanket—that Stroke was well—he pukes—he springs again, at either End he gushes ; send him to the sublime, and knock his Head against the Stars—What an Anticlimax !—how far he squirts it ! that Bounce for Lady *Linnetta*, that for Mrs. *Lindsey*. O the lofty Pimp Pindaric *Dicky* ! how he soars all this while !

The Doctor at the Window saw with Sorrow, but could not help his Friend. The Fumigation came a-fresh in his Mind. But *Dicky's* next Ascent happening to be near the Wall, the Doctor, stretching out too far to catch him, fell at once upon the Blanket in a close Embrace with *Dick*.

They broke their Passage through it on the Ground ; on the Ground they lay ; they wallowed in the Filth, for *Dick* had vented much.

The Doctor now is bruised. In *Dick* no Sign of Life remains, but his Manhood still is visible. Amidst these Shocks of Fortune, which added Firmness, and with inborn Pride it looks aloft, and glories in its Sufferings—*Humphry Gibbet* saw and wondered.

The Music now is silent, and Mr. *Richard Eagle*, by *Humphry Gibbet's* Order is wrapped up in the
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the broken Blanket and carried to his Bed, where the Doctor administred to him, and brought him by Degrees to his Senses.

Mean while *Linnetta* is carried off in Triumph by *Humphry Gibbet*, but not without Companions. Each Hero had his Nymph, which thinned not a little this Family of Love; the Parson, Lawyer, and the rest, were glad to scamper off with whole Bones.

The Morning came at last, but no joyful Morn to *Dicky*. The Remembrance of what he felt; for he remembered Part was painful to him. He told his Friend, that, after a Bounce or two, he was like the Thieves at *Tyburn*, who lose all Sense at the first Swing; for so one half-hung *Smith* had told him; for he knew not of Puking, or what else he did. —

O Doctor, Doctor, give me but Revenge. My Girls all vanished! *Linnetta* too! Oh fatal Trade of Pimping! What Bastinadoes are thy Due? but Virtue must endure.

Thus complained the afflicted Mr. *Richard Eagle*; for Shame for once had struck him. He durst not stir abroad. The Mob had got him in the Wind.

The Doctor grew more bold, he sallied forth, his Friends were glad to see him; they resented his Abuse, and compelled the College Sparks to make Atonement in Public, and to beg the Doctor's Pardon. He mounts again the Rostrum, performs surprizing Cures, gets Money in Abundance, visits *Dick Eagle*, drags him from his Hole.

Dick appears, but, like the Bat, by Glimpses in the Evening. A Blanket is his Bane. He trembles when he sees one.

The Doctor had now increased his Reputation and his Purse considerably. He takes a Trip to *Cork*, the second City of the Kingdom.

On the Road he meets with his evil Genius *Dove*, who had nailed, on the outside of his Chaise, the Prints of the Fumigation as Marks of his own Malice, and the injured Doctor's Confusion. The Chevalier resents the Insult. He challenges *Dove*, and a Duel is at Hand.

C H A P. VIII.

It is to be hoped, in the next Episode, that the Reader's Breath and Patience will not fail him, as he is like to dance through a Masquerade of very motley Adventures, and some considerable Duration.

The Adventures in the Inn.

IT happened that some young Officers, on their March to *Cork*, were bating at the Inn when the Dispute arose. These sparkish Heroes, under Pretence of calming, kindled up the Quarrel. They divided into Parties, and ranged themselves into mock Battalia; for two were *Doves*, and two were *Taylors*.

They played the Part so well, that an Exciseman and an honest Parson thought they meant to tilt in Earnest, and went upon their Knees to beg for Peace; but Things were gone too far. The Partisans of *Dove* had wrought his courage up to such a Height, that nothing less than Sword and Pistol could appease him. There must be Blood; for *Dove* it seems, had been a Soldier, and in his Youthful Years had fought against the *Nabobs*; the Seconds now are going to Logger-heads about the Choice of Weapons.

The Doctor seemed still a Friend to Peace; but *Dove* had hector'd and behaved so rude, that his Spirit could not brook it; Death before Dishonour; so fight he would.

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The Landlord was to charge the Pistols, in order to prevent all Appearance of the least foul Play.

When Things were ready, our two Principals, and their Seconds, which were four in Number, together with the honest Landlord, marched out in Order to a Church-Yard very near the Inn.

Dove was peppered by his Passion, and pranced and capered like a Jockey's Horse.

The Chevalier, on the other Hand, looked more composed than resolute ; yet he went. Once or twice he seemed to mutter, that *Dove* was not of Size for him, that is not of Consequence enough. But his Second, a dapper, little, lively Ensign, whispered to him, That Honour was of all Sizes ; her Standard fitted every Gentleman : Which took away in Part the Doctor's Scruple. But he was heard to say, The greatest Creature in the World, as useful as the Sun himself, to fight an old Philosopher, a Fellow that is fed by Fire, an Election-Dealer, he thought it was not right.

But, behold him at his Ground ! the Seconds now are busy in meting out the Spaces, and settling every Circumstance of Honour and Exactness.

The Tiger *Dove* was already in his Shirt, and seemed impatient for the Combat. He often viewed his Priming, and eyed at once the Chevalier from Head to Foot, who was not quite so curious as his Foe, but rather, like *Æneas*, with Patience, pondered on the Event of Things, and now and then would weigh the Consequence. However he was there.

His Countenance, indeed, had given Way a little ; whether through Self-Love, or Motives of Humanity, lest he should destroy his Antagonist, or a Concern for human Kind, if he should drop ; whether one, or all of these together, had wrought that little Vacancy, that blank in his

Complexion, the courteous Reader will conjecture for himself at his best Leisure.

The Time is now important ; for lo ! they are left together.

The Seconds and the Landlord stand aloof. The Combatants are now upon the very Edge of Battle. A dreadful Interval was marked between, and *Dove* could hardly keep the stated Bounds.

The Doctor was more observant, and did not pass the Line ; when *Dove* cries out, A Pox, you Puppy, fire — *Taylor*, you are a Coward ; look up, and see your Man.

That Word Coward like a Flash of Lightning, kindled all the Powder in his Blood. He views his Priming too ; present he did, and after that he fired ; the Smoke is quickly gone, and there stands *Dove* as stout, as safe as ever, grinning in his Fury ; for lo ! the Doctor's Shot had mist him.

Dove, forgetting Discipline, rushes on, in spite of all Intreaty, close to his Antagonist, and fires in the Doctor's Face. The Doctor fell upon his Back ; indeed his Countenance and Breast are bloody.

The Seconds now come in ; they raise him up, enquire for the Wound. The Doctor still seems breathless, they wipe the Blood away ; no Wound as yet appears ; the Doctor still was breathless ; with that the Ensign swore the fright had killed him, and asked the Landlord how he charged the Pistols ? With nothing, please your Honour, but a little Chicken's Blood tied up in a Pudding.

The Doctor now recovers, looks pale, and blushes. The Laugh is very loud, yet *Dove* is blamed in Earnest. The Landlord swore he was a bloody Villain, and by Jesus he should pay for it.

However, Things were huddled up for the present, the Champions were made to shake Hands. The Seconds marched them back to Dinner ;
where

where all their former Acrimony was overlaid with Laughter, Wine and Raillery.

The Business of the Battle furnished Hints for Pleasantry; but still the Landlord's Stone was in his Sleeve against *Dove*.

He could not forgive him that Spite and Cruelty he put in Practice in the Article of Shooting, and was resolved to make him suffer in his Turn.

The Evening is arrived and the Champions now are charged with Win., as high as before their Pistols.

Dove, who travelled with a Doxy was the first who broke up Company. His Dame and he are gone to go after.

The Doctor and the Officers kept the Field a little longer, and then retired in their Turn.

The Doctor seldom indulged his Drinking to Excess. The Girls, or, as he called them, his Chicks, engrossed his chief Attention. He ever had an Eye to Business of that Kind, and was generally pretty fortunate in his Amours.

He was not idle now. The Landlord's Kindness for *David Dove* was still increasing. He prepares an Apparatus to prove his Manhood in another Way. A Cord is let down through the Ceiling to an under Room, which Cord was fastened to the Centre of our Sage's Bed, beneath the Ticking to be sure. To the other End which dangled in the Room below, an Apple was annexed, which Apple hovered over the Surface of a Bowl of Water that stood upon a Table in the middle of the Chamber. The Apple and the Water were very near each other, and ready at every Touch to play at Bobbing-*Joan*.

Thus stood the Apparatus waiting for the Experiment, whilst another Cord, in a dexterous Hand, was ready to execute a different Office over Head. It was not hanging; the other Ex-

Complexion, the courteous Reader will conjecture for himself at his best Leisure.

The Time is now important ; for lo ! they are left together.

The Seconds and the Landlord stand aloof. The Combatants are now upon the very Edge of Battle. A dreadful Interval was marked between, and *Dove* could hardly keep the stated Bounds.

The Doctor was more observant, and did not pass the Line ; when *Dove* cries out, A Pox, you Puppy, fire — *Taylor*, you are a Coward ; look up, and see your Man.

That Word Coward like a Flash of Lightning, kindled all the Powder in his Blood. He views his Priming too ; present he did, and after that he fired ; the Smoke is quickly gone, and there stands *Dove* as stout, as safe as ever, grinning in his Fury ; for lo ! the Doctor's Shot had mist him.

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He could not forgive him that Spite and Cruelty he put in Practice in the Article of Shooting, and was resolved to make him suffer in his Turn.

The Evening is arrived and the Champions now are charged with Wine, as high as before their Pistols.

Dove, who travelled with a Doxy was the first who broke up Company. His Dame and he are gone to go after.

The Doctor and the Officers kept the Field a little longer, and then retired in their Turn.

The Doctor seldom indulged his Drinking to Excess. The Girls, or, as he called them, his Chicks, engrossed his chief Attention. He ever had an Eye to Business of that Kind, and was generally pretty fortunate in his Amours.

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Thus stood the Apparatus waiting for the Experiment, whilst another Cord, in a dexterous Hand, was ready to execute a different Office over Head. It was not hanging; the other Ex-

treme the Toe, and not the Neck was then in Danger. The Philosopher, at length and his fair Dame are lodged; but the Fumes of Wine, for she had drank her Quota as well as *Dove*, had rendered both the Votaries of *Morpheus* on the sudden.

Bacchus had conquered the Queen of soft Desires, and both these Lovers lay snoring in a State of deep Abstraction; when, in this unfeeling Interval, the Snare is fastened on, and *David Femmy Dove's* Toe is compassed with a Cord, which Cord, without an Apple, is let down through another Hole, and hangs in a perpendicular Suspense with its slender Colleague.

The Centinels are fixed; they watch the Apple and the Bowl, but no Alarm is given. The Guard is now relieved. A Servant-Maid has got the Charge, and lo! the Crisis is at Hand. The long expected Signal begins to nibble at the Bowl, the Apple dips itself a little, and narrow Circles stir the peaceful Lake.

A sudden Pause ensues, and something like a State of Anarchy prevails. An Interval of neither this nor that, but rather what resembles both; like a Man who labours to regain his Stirrup, but is not able yet to mount. The Girl upon the Guard however guessed that something was a coming.

She clapped her Hands and rung the Bell, when *Sally* from the Cellar came rushing in, and held in either Hand a Bottle full of Claret. She saw the Image of the Spot, she springs, she runs, she cries out, Master! Sir! the Apple and the Bowl. And in her Ecstasy and Hurry she struck the Bottles, as she went, together: the Pavement floats with Gore.

Her Master cries, You Bitch the Bottles. *Sally* answers the Apple is in the Bowl, Sir. He sees and

and believes—he saw the Circles spread, the Apple sink and rise—he pulled the other Cord with all his Might. And now the Bowl was in Confusion. A Noise is heard, and Oaths and Groans succeed. Here, *Polly*, do you pull, pull tight; I'll go and call the Doctor; he shall hear the Villain groan.

Away he runs, and *Polly* still keeps pulling; for she hated *Dove*, the House was never the better for him. He brought his Goods along with him: But the Doctor still was furnished in the Family. So she kept pulling. But now the Devil himself was over Head, and all his Works. Rascal, Villain, Blunderbuss, and Bitch, and Whore, and shoot him dead, and Damn ye all, was echoed through the Stair Case, Passage, Kitchen, Yard and Stables.

The Doctor in his Shirt scampers like a Fury, followed by the Landlord.

The young Commanders, not better covered, follow both; and *Dove*, with a Hanger in his Hand and the Cordage at his Heels, as naked as the best of them, came roaring in the Rear, and limped about, and damn'd and sunk, and called for Satisfaction: the Servants sluiced him, for the Pump was near.

The Officers had seized the Landlord. The Doctor mounts the Hayloft; the Hostler is his Friend. The Officers, now bursting with implicit Fun, would fain appease the Landlord. They beg, they pray to know the Cause: For God's sake, Mr. *Heeny*, what is the Matter? This is a *Christmas* Trick indeed; why in such a rage with *Taylor*? Oh Gentlemen, the Villain and my Niece—Damnation seize his Duel—but I'll have his Life for it.

They lug the Landlord into the House; the Servants knew the Thing before; they bring the

Chevalier his Cloaths, and his Equipage is ready *Dove*, half drowned in the Scuffle, and naked as at first, begs for Heaven's sake the Doctor would take him up and save his Life. Up he mounts, the Cord still fastened to his Toe, away the Doctor drove, and *Dove* was at his Side, shivering with Cold and Anger; but *Taylor* gave him his Surtout, and closed the Chaise about him; they journey on and leave the fatal Inn behind them.

They now are seven Miles nearer *Cork* than when they mounted first: They whip and drive, and lo! another Inn is visible.

They soon alight and march into the Kitchen; where they meet a Dozen young Gentlemen equipped for their Horses, and ready for a Hunting-match. They no sooner saw the Chevalier and his Fellow-Traveller, than they cracked their Whips, set up the Whoop and Holoo, and swore a Stag had come to challenge them; for *Dove's* Appearance had set the Joke on Foot; they skelp him with their Lashes.

And here the Doctor's Malice, or Revenge, call it which you will, began to work. This was the Time he thought to settle all his old Accounts with *Dove*.

He begged the Gentlemen would spare him; that he was an unhappy Person, a Lunatic, and had many dreadful Intervals. In one of his Fits, says he, the poor Gentleman broke loose from his Keepers, and, naked as he was, came running to the *White-Heart-Inn* just as I was mounting into my Carriage. He knew me. And finding him tractable, I ventured to take him up, in Hopes that Dr. *Cassedy* in this Neighbourhood, who is famous for such Cures, might do him good. The Cause of his Mishap was Jealousy.

At

At this *Dove* began to swear and damn, and tell his Story.

But the Doctor begged they would assist to give him the Cold Bath, or, in lieu of that, to drench him well under the Pump, especially his Head. Gentlemen, I know something of this Affair myself. There is nothing in his Case can serve him more for the present.

So said, so done. To the Pump he is carried; and there, out of meer Charity, they labour for his Good.

The Patient foams, and roars, and tears, but all in vain. The Process still goes forward. The Gentlemen relieve each other at the Pump.

The Patient now is overcome with Cold. He is carried back into the Kitchen wrapt up in Blankets; and when recovered he is, by the Doctor's Orders, largely let Blood at both his Arms. The Doctor did the Surgeon's Part himself. Now put him into Bed, says he, and I will pay three Men for watching him till Dr. *Cassedy* is come.

Poor *Dove*, by this Time, was altogether passive. He is put to bed, and wanted not a Guard to watch him; but a Guard there was.

The Doctor and the Gentlemen grow very great together. They drink some mulled Champaign. The Doctor is discovered, and caressed with Marks of high Esteem.

One of the young Bloods told him, He hoped that it was a lucky Meeting; that he was resolved, in a Day or two, to have waited upon him at *Dublin*, with a young Lady a Sister of his, who had a Blemish upon her Eye. But, Sir, since you are here, that Journey is prevented. My House is but two Miles off; and if you will do us the Pleasure to share in our Diversion of To-day, in the Evening you shall see my Sister.

The

At

The Doctor thanked him ; said he was not furnished with a Hunter ; nor indeed was he Horseman enough for that spirited Recreation.

To this they all cried out, He should have both a sober and a good Horse. They were sure of excellent Sport, and he need not run into any the least Danger. He might stand upon a Hill, or take the easiest short Cuts he liked.

Aye, aye, says one of them, Lord, the Doctor need only to ride in Company with Sir *Goddart*, and then you know, Gentlemen, he's safe enough. Sir *Goddart*, Sir, is my Grandfather, a very serious old Gentleman, that about some fifty Years ago could lead the Troop himself ; but now, poor Man, he is content with looking on at a Distance. He loves, like a good Sportsman, the Sound of the Horn. A Servant always waits upon him. Stick close to him, and all is well.

The Doctor in a Moment is equipped, and out they sally with Sir *Goddart* in the Center.

It was not Day-light yet. In half an Hour's Time they come to the Ground appointed.

The Doctor is in very high Spirits, His Horse he thinks a good one. He wishes eagerly for the Chace ; when lo ! a hellish Roar, in a Minute, and the Fox are set a-foot together.

The Doctor's Head is dizzy. He catches hold of the Mane in one Hand, and the Bridle in the other, and still he keeps his Eye upon Sir *Goddart*, who scampers off among the foremost.

The Doctor's Horse, without consulting him, hurried on as fast, turned as he turned, and leaped as Sir *Goddart's* leaped. Never was Emulation at a higher Contest than between these two hot, ambitious Hunters.

The Servant still kept near the Doctor, who now cried out for Help. No sooner had he spoke, than whip he springs through a quickset Hedge, and leaves

eaves his Hat and Wig behind him. His Face is sorely scratched. His Person got the Start of his Horse, and was pitched some Yards beyond his Head ; but received no other Damage than being well foused in Mud and Dirt ; for the Ground was soft on which he fell.

He turns upon his Back ; he clears his Mouth and Eyes that now were full of Filth. He feels his Limbs and Ribs, and every Thing was safe. And now he sits upon his Breach. He stares about, and wonders where he is, for the Fall had stunned his Intellect a little.

The Footman now comes up with the Doctor's Hat, Wig, and Horse, and whoops and holloos in his Ears, and swears Sir *Goddard* and the Fox are got a Mile a head.

I wish they were both in Hell, says the Doctor.

Oh, my Friend, the greatest Man in the World.

Why, that old Rascal rides like the Devil. I'll no more of the Hunt. Friend, help me to my Horse, and lead me back again. Sir *Goddard* is a Guide for *Lucifer*. Oh damn his Crack of the Whip for me.

To which the Footman answered, What, Sir ! Sportsman's Luck, no more ; you only found a Spur ; for Shame, let us on ; the Gentlemen will expect you. Sir *Goddard* now is weary ; follow me, and never fear ; your Honour is concerned, Sir.

At this the Doctor rein'd the restif Steed about : The Footman gallops off like Fury : The Chevalier's despotic Palfrey pursued as fast. The Doctor is again attached to both his Sides : His Legs are growing to them : His Hands are fastened to the Mane. The Bridle and the Stirrups are left at large ; and Filth, and Splash, and Gravel, fly like
Shot.

Shot about him. The Hounds are at a Loss a few Minutes. The Huntsman and Sir *Goddart* are busy at the Fault : and the Doctor, blinded and out of Breath, is just upon the Point to join them, when off again in full Cry they scour.

The Doctor's Horse again pursues Sir *Goddart*. And now the Strife was mighty ; two Hedges and a five-barred Gate are passed. The Doctor, strange to tell, still keeps his Saddle. Sir *Goddart*, in the last Attempt, is tumbled down. His Girt gave way : His Horse stands near him. And lo ! the Doctor's Horse for once obeys the Bit. He lights with all the Speed he could, and ran to the old Knight's Assistance ; who lay with the Saddle on his Breast and Face, and kicked and sprawled as if for Life. The Chevalier stoops down and catches him in both his Arms, with, Sir, I hope you are not hurt. Indeed you rid too fast.

The old Gentleman, instead of thanking, chattered, sputtered out, and bit him by the Nose. The Doctor swears and starts, with Zounds and Blood, what's here ? a Monkey ? and with his loaded Whip returned the last Civility.

Reader, believe it as you will, it seems in very Truth Sir *Goddart* was no other than an old overgrown Baboon, which the Landlord used to dress up and tie upon an Horse, in order to regale such Sportsmen as the Doctor.

He feels his Nose, and returns again his Thanks. The Footman is approaching. The Doctor storms and stamps, holding still his Nose. You party-coloured Rascal, what Affront is this ? you Scoundrel, King of the Rainbow, you lick-plate Villain. Sir *Goddart* tossed about, and bitten by the Nose ! Your Master, Sirrah, is a greater Scrub than you. Perdition to Sir *Goddart*, my Nose is spoiled for ever—No more Intrigues—O *Dove*, thou art revenged—*Dove* shall see my foul Disgrace, bitten through

through and through, the Shape is spoiled for ever; the Pox, no doubt.—And in his Rage he interlines a Stamp or two upon the Monkey. The Footman cries out Murder, the Baboon brought him many a Shilling. He seizes on the Doctor; the Doctor gets him down, and rushes to Sir *Goddart's* Horse, his own was at a Distance, he mounts, and sees the Huntsman and the Hunters coming towards him at full Speed. He claps Spurs, and turns the Horse's Head towards the Inn. He left his Hat and Wig behind him; they fell off in the Squabble with the Foot-man.

The Huntsman is arrived, and sees the Monkey gasping. He clapped his Hands and cries out Murder too; for he had lost a Friend.

In a Word, the whole Crew, the Hounds and all, follow, now in full Cry, the Doctor, who drives he knows not where. But the Horse knew better, and took the shortest Way to the Inn. The poor Chevalier clings close, and holds with both his Hands the Mane, excepting now-and-then the one he borrowed to rub his Nose with. The Dogs are near upon him, and all the Crew cry out to stop the Murderer.

Reader, image to yourself his Figure, fastened as he was to the Horse's Neck and Sides, without either Hat or Wig, his Nose, quite bitten through and bleeding, rough-cast besides from Head to Foot.

In this weather-beaten Plight he enters the Inn-Yard, with all the Hell-Hounds at his Heels; and what was worse than all, *Dove*, exulting, beheld it from the Window, and gave three feeble Cheers to welcome him.

And now the Farce is drawing to a Crisis. The Hunters were divided in their Sentiments. Some said, the Doctor was to blame; but the major Part pretended much Compassion, and said, the
Landlord

Landlord was a Rascal for putting such a Trick upon any Gentleman.

In a Word, all Parties are at last good Friends. The Monkey too grew better. They passed the Day and Night like Bucks indeed. *Dove* and the Doctor shake Hands the second Time, and forgive all. *Dove's* Cloaths are brought him. The Doctor, with a Patch upon his Nose, and he set out for *Cork* together in the Morning.

C H A P. IX.

A meer Resting-Place, with some little Entertainment.

AT *Cork* he carries all before him. The Cures he wrought, which to those People looked more like Miracles than any human Process, made him the Idol of the Populace. Nor was he less admired by People of Fashion. He returns to *Dublin* in *November*, finds it very brilliant, being Parliament Winter. He arrives in the Evening, appears in one of the Boxes at the Theatre, shining like a Constellation. The Audience clap him at his Coming-in, and the Ladies curtesy; not the Viceroy himself was more distinguished.

His Friend *Dick Eagle* is about this Time let down a Peg or two. A Gentleman of real Merit in the Profession of Portrait-Painting, had driven him quite out of Fashion; so *Dicky* turned Player. At which Business he was worse, if possible, than at scrawling Pictures. Yet acting, together with his other Trade of Pimping, kept for awhile his Chin above Water. He was often with the Doctor, and did him twenty little Offices of seeming Friendship, but inwardly he envied him; though the Doctor was not his Rival in any Thing but Fame.

He

He could not bear to see him shine over him, and was resolved to bring him down to his own dirty Level, if possible.

The Doctor loved a Wench, and *Dicky* knew it.

One *Sunday* Morning he waits upon the Chevalier, and tells him, he has appointed two handsome Country Lasses to meet him at the *Yellow Lion* in *College-Green*, where, says he, Doctor, you shall have your Choice, or both, if you like it. Agreed, quoth the Doctor.

Accordingly he came, and met the Damsels. They travel up Stairs together, the Doctor and the Ladies, whilst *Dicky* did Duty at the Door. The Hostess had her Cue from *Dick*; she had her Part to act. Upon Notice given she travels up the Stairs, and in her Hands she bore a Spit with a Leg of Mutton well nigh roasted thereupon; she enters at a Point of Time that happened to be critical; she cries out, Rogue and Whore! and lays upon the prostrate Doctor the Warmth and Weight of all her Mutton—The Gravy deluged now his Face and Linen—He starts, he stares, he holds up both his Hands,—his Drapery is disordered. She repeats her Oaths and Blows. The Doctor takes to Flight, embarrassed as he was about the Hams, and to the Street he hobbled, but left his Coat, his Waistcoat, Wig and Hat behind him; his under Drapery still disordered, he hobbles on, all smeared with Gravy; the Mutton at every Blow still bursting about his Ears.

O fatal Unities of Time and Place! It was one o'Clock on *Sunday* in the Afternoon, and lo! the Congregation is rushing from out the *Round Church* Door, just as the Doctor and his Kitchen Fury were passing by: Yea, all the People, nay the Parson too beheld it.

Hapless

Hapless Doctor! where was then thy Diamond Cross and Ring, thy spangling Coat, and all the Apparatus of a noble Gentleman? The Ladies scream, they run back to Church again. The Parson hides him in the Pulpit. The Mob came round. The Beggars scramble up the Mutton. The Hostess now is out of Breath: She falls upon her Face, by missing of a Blow, with Arms out-stretched; the Spit was stretched out further.

The Doctor now is raging mad. An Oyster-Wench restored his Galligaskins, and smiled upon the Frolick; when lo! a Gentleman, a Senator, for he represents the City, beheld the Doctor's evil Plight. He came between, and with his Presence awed the Tumult. The Rabble now are scattered. In his Coach he took him, took him naked as he was and sanguined over.

Notwithstanding his Misfortune, the Senator esteemed his Merit, and loved him as a Man. The Fumigation was not worse than this. But oh! much worse was yet to come. Grief on Grief! his Wife and Son, that very Instant, are arrived from Scotland. What a Climax of Distress!

Dublin was no more a Place of Safety. No Safety for *Jack Taylor* there. He meditates the Continent. *Dick Eagle*, in a hackney Coach, brings him this News, and with it brings the Doctor's Drapery, who bid him strait go back and countermand her Journey. I must not see her; let her again on Ship-board; on Ship-board put her and her Son. O damn your Country Wenches, *Dicky*. *Dick* thou hast undone me.

Dicky now was bursting inwardly at the Joke, but wore a Countenance of seeming Sorrow, more in Fraud than Friendship. The Villain wept with Triumph, and promised never more to pimp.

He waits on the Doctor's Lady, persuades her to re-imbark, assures her her Husband will meet her
in

in the Morning, and sail with her to *England*: Which indeed he did. But first he puts on Board a stately Horse, that with his Trappings cost him near two hundred Pounds. He brought besides with him two Footmen in blue Liveries turned up with Silver, a large beautiful young Wolf Dog that cost him twenty Guineas, together with some Rarities from the Giant's Causeway, as a Present for the royal Society.

They hoist Sale, meet a Gale of Wind, are driven by a Storm upon the Coast of *Wales*; where they landed in much Danger of their Lives.

C H A P. X.

This Chapter is of a mixed Construction. A tragic-comic Tale. The Scene still shifting.

THE Chevalier leaves his Wife at the first Town he comes to, and sets out Post for *London*.

He had not journeyed far, before he encountered a handsome rich Widow, to whom he made the warmest Tenders of his Love; told her, he was a Widower, had only one Child, whose Nurse he permitted to go in his Name, as she was young and obliged to travel with him.

His Confidence, his fine Person, and genteel Address, soon gained Ground upon the Widow's Affections. She complies. But the Affair had now reached his Wife's Notice, who hastened to the Town where the Widow and he were, found Means to produce the Certificate of her Marriage to the abused Widow. But the Doctor, through meer Dint of native Bronze and artful Contrivance, defeated his Wife's honest Attempt, and baffled her spiritual Authority, confirmed at the same Time
the

the Widow in her first Sentiments, assured his Wife that the Affair was a meer Galamaufry, and giving her a Kiss, together with five Guineas, and his Picture set in Gold, he advised her by all Means to go back to the Town from whence she came, which was *Carmarthen*; and being in Haste to dispatch her, he hired a Guide to take her the nearest Way.

We cannot suppose, that he, a meer Stranger in that Country, could be acquainted with the Road through which he was to travel. Whether the Widow, in her Care for Mrs. *Taylor's* Safety and quick Return, had advised this Step, will also be a Question not so well cleared up as the Reader could wish. Be that as it may, the Road she was put into was known to be impracticable by all the Neighbourhood, especially at that Season of the Year, on Account of the Tide, which rose to such a dangerous Height between two Hills, that it made all Passage that Way quite desperate.

The misguided Lady soon found her Danger. The Water rushing in and rising so high in an Instant alarmed her much, and as it happened not quite too late.

The Guide was making off with all the Speed he could. But she cried out to him, to come and adjust something about her Stirrup; which the Fellow did. She being a Woman of strong Spirits, seized him by the Collar, and said, if he did not stay and help her out, he should drown with her. Upon this they quit their Horses, and with great Toil and Danger they clambered up the Cliff, and got safe to *Carmarthen* to the great Astonishment of every Person in that Town.

Mean while the Doctor sets out with the Widow, whom he settled as his Wife in an Apothecary's House in *Bloomesbury-Square*. His real Wife remained some little Time in *Wales*, and then followed

lowed him to Town; where, in Order to satisfy herself concerning the *Welch* Widow, she gets acquainted with the Apothecary's Wife, tells her who she is, and by her Connivance dines with the Widow. In the Height of Dinner, the Postman brings a Letter from the Doctor. The Widow rose up in great Transports to read it; yet Mrs. Taylor had such Command of her Passion, that she seemed to look on with much Indifference, till Tea was over, then took her Leave with great Temper; nor was she, by the Widow, in the least suspected.

Upon the Doctor's Arrival, the Apothecary gave him Warning to quit his Lodgings, telling him his real Wife had been there; he would have no such Doings under his Roof. The Doctor, without taking Leave of any Mortal, sets out for *France*, with the Widow, immediately.

But first, by Way of meer Convenience, he drew, as the Widow's Husband, fifteen hundred Pounds out of the Funds.

He arrives at *Paris*: And though he seemed to love this Woman even to Madness, yet through a strange Caprice of Soul, he would not let her call him Husband. No truly, like the Patriarch of old, she must be thought his Sister.

With her Cash he sets up at once a flaming Chariot with six dapper Greys, and Servants in rich Liveries, and looked as grand as an Ambassador. But Fortune, like other Ladies of Fashion, delights in Variety: She seemed to make our Doctor her Topic of Diversion. His Scene was always shifting; and every Movement gave some new Appearance.

C H A P. XI.

A new and severe Test of our Hero's Courage and Patience.

A *French Gentleman*, handsome as the Doctor and full as amorous, happened to cast a wishing Eye at the Widow. She returned his Overtures with Interest. The *Frenchman* was coming up apace Sword in Hand. The Widow was about to beat a Parley. The Doctor saw and trembled. Duels were his mortal Aversion. And Things were now so much embarrassed, that he must either declare, look on, or fight. Declare he did, and swore she was his lawful Wife. The *Frenchman* retired from the Siege in Form. But whether Matters ended there or not, is still a Mystery, and, like many others, is indeed of little Consequence.

The Doctor now was at his vertic Point of Glory, blazing as he travelled. Two whole Years he dazzled the Faculty at *Paris*, kept the best Company, and got much Money.

But alas! an unlucky Accident made it a little convenient for a while, at least, that he should break fresh Ground.

A young Lady, of one of the first Houses in *England*, who lived in a noble Family near *Paris*, had got a Dimness in one of her Eyes, the brightest else in *Europe*. The Chevalier was called, who with his wonted Felicity soon dispelled the envious Cloud. He was richly rewarded for this Piece of Work, became a Favourite in the Family, where he passed some very pleasing Hours.

The Lady's Gratitude and familiar Carriage so natural to the *French*, for she was educated there, overset, it seems, the Doctor's Prudence. Something

thing had possessed him with a strange Notion, that the young Lady's Civilities, seasoned by Gratitude and Kindness to her Benefactor, for so she esteemed the Chevalier to be; I say, this Appearance, free from all *Gothic* Ceremony and rude Reserve, flattered this Son of *Æsculapius* to make some strange Conclusions in his own Favour; for his fine Person was ever whispering to his Vanity.

In short, he used to walk by Moon-light with this delightful Beauty in a Grove that stood near the House. His Frenzy still grew stronger. He saw her through a Medium which Vanity had cast before his Sight. Heightened by Desire, in this Illusion, he fancied she was going to see him with her Person. He perverted every Circumstance. Her Looks, her Words, were all Conviction. He resolves to snatch the happy Minute, proceeds *vi & armis* to practise upon his Patient a new Operation. She strikes him on the Face — she cries for Help — the Servants are at Hand; and oh! Disgrace to Knighthood, the Chevalier was forced to travel through the Horse-pond, with many Bastinado's on his outward Man.

Paris, after this, was again too narrow. He scours back to *London* with some Thousands in his Pocket. He takes a House in *Suffolk-Street* at near £ 200 a Year Rent, with Offices for several Carriages, and Stables for a double Set of Horses, tho' then content with a Pair of hackney Kephals fastened to a splendid Crane-necked Chariot.

At his first Appearance in this Equipage, a very striking Circumstance was taken Notice of, and it was this: The Doctor, that great Dealer in the visual Ray, had in all his Train but a single Eye, which happened to be the Coachman's Property, for the Horses were both of them stone blind.

Here

Here he orders two large Rooms to be laid into one, which he intends for his Library, having, he said, brought together a numerous Collection of the best chosen Books in every Language and Science.

His Landlord, being a Man of Taste and Letters, was licking his Lips at the Thoughts of being regaled by the Doctor's Library.

The expected Morning is come, when two Porters from the Tower are arrived, one leading a Horse with a Sack Load of Books upon his Back; the other keeping the learned Cargo in its Place. The Sack is opened, and lo! the Doctor's Library, viz. Various Editions in several Languages of the renowned *Don Quixote*; *Gil Blas*; *Swift's Tale of the Tub*, in French; *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*; three Volumes of *Cassandra*; *England's Conversion and Reformation compared*; *Dr. Anthony Gavan's Master-Key to Popery*; *Hobbes's Leviathan*, loose in the Binding; the History of *Montelion*, Knight of the Oracle; *Grey's Love-Letters*; *Ray's Wonders of God in the Creation*; *A Present from a Parson's Wife in the Highlands of Scotland*; *The solemn League and Covenant*; *Sacheverel's Trial*; *Wycberly's Country Wife*; *Causin's Holy Court*; *Milton and Don Bellianis of Greece*: Such was the Doctor's Collection, which make an elegant and full Appearance in the two large Rooms prepared to receive it. And never was there more Space allotted for less Matter, except in the *Vacuum Boyleanu*, or perhaps in the Doctor's own *Pericranium*, which some Wags have compared to his Library.

When the House was furnished, as indeed it soon was in a very elegant Manner, he placed the Widow in it as Mistress of the whole.

C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

A Christmas Frolic.

AND now he fastens four more Rozinantes to his Carr, with two Servants in rich Liveries behind it ; with which, and his Valet on Horseback, he sets out for the Place of his Nativity — Has the Appearance of Grandeur in every thing about him, except his Coachman, who served as a moral Contrast to the gaudy Parts of his Retinue, and did the Office of a Death's Head at a *Roman Feast* ; he served to shew how perishable all worldly Grandeur is. But indeed he served further ; he was a striking Mark of his Master's motley Character. His upper Weeds were much worn out ; his Elbows took the Air ; you would think his Breeches were beleaguered, for there a mighty Breach appeared ; he lacked Boots and an upper Tunic, though it then was Winter.

Previous to the Doctor's setting out, he filled the *Norfolk News-Papers* with Paragraphs of his own vast Importance. Never was the Art of Puffing displayed to such Perfection. He sends Letters to his Fellow-Citizens and Brethren, being himself a Free-Mason, inviting them to meet him ; which indeed they did in great Numbers, and in their best Appearance. He also employed People to set the Bells a ringing as soon as he entered the City-Gates.

In this triumphant Manner did he drive up to his Mother's little Shop, bringing with him such Quantities of rich Cloaths, that he was forced to hire the next House as a Ward-Robe, where they were laid out and exposed to the public View.

Here he meets with his Wife and Son, who had lived at *Norwich* during his Residence in *France*.

He also met with his old Friend *Tabitha* the Quaker's Widow, with whom he past an Evening, and cut again her Corns. He flies about two Days together like a Meteor, and then returns to *London* with his Wife and Son. He puts the Boy to School at *Kensington*, and places his Wife, *sans Ceremonie*, in the same House with the Widow, where the Wife was her constant Chum, in order to hinder the Doctor from being so.

Thus Affairs went on for some Time. The Doctor made a bright Appearance. The Cures he performed ; the Concourse of Nobility and Gentry who daily crowded to see them, brought him great Reputation and Consequence. The very Faculty, in spite of Prejudice, could not forbear giving him his just Applause.

C H A P. XIII.

Which consists partly of nice Reflexions, and partly of odd Adventures.

A Gentleman of Rank, whose Son the Doctor had restored to Sight, procured him, as a Mark of his good Will, to be made Oculist to the King.

With this Feather in his Cup, and his own solid Merit, were he half as prudent as he was prodigal, he might have continued his Copper-gilt Chariot with six Dapples, and ten thousand Pounds in his Pocket. But alas ! his chimerical Fondness for Show led him into a Million of enchanted Castles. Ostentation was the Idol that undid him : And, what is strange, he grew more and more in Love with these Fairy Visions, as he advanced in Years. He never was happy, but when, like a Comet, he was stared upon. The Character he assumed was that

that of the marvellous. He imitated, nay invented every romantic Extravagance. The Epic and the Grand were the Chevalier's natural Stile.

He was no less magnificent within, than without Doors. Nothing but Grandeur must come near his Table. Courses served up in all the Masquerade of Luxury, where Nature was invisible, created Dishes, costly Wines, Music, and all the Madness of a *Roman* Feast were his highest Triumph. And yet, to make this Prodigy still more prodigious, no Mortal was ever less anxious about his Palate than the Doctor. A broiled Blade-bone of Mutton without a Cloth; a Crust and a little Salt; standing at some Dresser in his Boots and Riding-Coat, made up a thousand Ortolans.

He was an Epicure in Idea only. His Table, like his Cloathing, was meant for others to gaze at more than his own Enjoyment. He would be visible—Nay the very blind must see him. But that indeed was his true Ambition.

His wild Oeconomy sent him Abroad once more. He sets out for *Paris*, hoping that Time had defaced the Memory of the fatal Horse-pond.

He left the Widow at a Lodging in *Chelsea*, and his Wife and Son in the House at *Suffolk-Street*, where they remained till the Landlord had seized upon the Goods for Rent. This melancholy Event happened a short Time after his Departure; they not having wherewith to subsist on in *England*, were forced, by Necessity, to follow him into *France*.

The Doctor is at *Paris*, where Ambition in a new Shape has set herself before him. A Shape indeed without a Substance. He turns Author in an evil Hour, as if he had not Misfortunes enough before. He neglects his Patients. The bodily Eye was now, forsooth, a meer mechanic Organ, much too coarse for his Inspection. The intellectual Sight, the Eye of the Soul, was now his favourite Object.

He writes a Supplement to the learned Bishop of *Cloyne's* Book, to prove that there was nothing but Mind in the Universe. The intellectual Eye he now proposed to couch, and purge all Mists from thence. But there he reckoned wrong. A thousand Quacks to one were there against him. His Patients of this Class received no Benefit. They are as blind as ever. His Finances fall short. He gets into Debt, meditates a new Province, but first he places his Son in the *College du Placis* facing the *Sorbonne*, leaves his Wife at a Hotel, and sets out in the Night for the City of *Bourdeaux*; though he had it in his Power to make as great a Figure in *Paris*, as he did at *London*.

He also leaves behind him one of his Chicks, as he calls them; she was a beautiful young Damsel, whom he had inveigled from a *French* Nobleman, which cost him Woe.

In this Article he stands accused of violating a little the Laws of Hospitality. He was daily at his Lordship's Table, and received a thousand Favours at his Hand. But Love conquers all. He settled Matters so that his beautiful Chick was let down the Wall in a Basket from her Window, whilst the Doctor stood below with open Arms to catch her. 'Twas in a Garden, where unluckily a *Danish* Dog was upon the Watch, who took the Alarm, and rushed upon the Doctor just as the Basket was dropping into his Lap. His Valet, assisting in that very Moment, had half his Leg torn away. The Doctor's Throat escaped by a Miracle, for the furious Animal seized him by the Collar. The wounded Valet, however, with his Rapier dispatched the animal. The Lady lay sprawling all this while. But the Doctor, with the Loss of half his Waistcoat and Coat Skirt, made off with his Prize; who having the Keys of the Garden Door, let herself and Lover into the Street; where they quickly
got

got to Shelter, and left the poor Valet to shift for himself in the best Manner he could.

This smuggled Piece of Beauty the Doctor kept for his private Use, till Money falling short, he left her also in the Lurch.

The Nobleman after his Departure, had her taken up, and put into a House of Correction, as the Custom of the Country is, where during a Woman's cohabiting with a Man, as much Fidelity is expected from her, as is if she was really his Wife. In this House they are shorn of their Hair, that of the Head I mean. They are clothed in coarse Weeds, and go through a painful Process by the Way of Penance; a Regimen too severe for her delicate Constitution. She could not support it, and died of these Hardships in less than four Months.

C H A P. XIV.

In this Article of our History, something of the marvellous may appear, together with something of the small.

THE Doctor is now at *Bordeaux*. He goes on with great Success. He has an Account that his Wife is dangerously ill at *Paris*. He reports that she is really dead, puts on Mourning, and in a little Time pays his Court to the Mayor's Daughter of the Town; who, dazzled by his Appearance and Popularity, began to listen with some Attention to his Proposal; yet his Discretion caused him to send to *Paris*, to learn from thence if the Doctor told him the Truth; but he is assured, that the Chevalier's Lady is not only living, but perfectly well recovered.

He lets the Doctor into this very Secret, not without some Menaces ; which so alarmed him, that he scampers over the *Pyrenæan* Mountains, and arrives at *Madrid*: Where, in his unguarded Zeal, he talks loosely of religious Matters. Besides there were found upon him some heretical Books. He finds his Danger, and flies for Refuge to Sir *Benjamin Keene*, our then Ambassador at the Court of *Spain* ; by whose Assistance he makes his Escape to *Portugal*.

Just as he was entering upon the Frontiers of that Kingdom, in a Post-Chaise attended by two Servants, between the Hours of eleven and twelve at Night, he was attacked by six armed Men, who were in Pursuit of a Murderer. They take him to be the Man. The Doctor not having *Spanish* enough to explain himself, and suspecting he was pursued as a Champion of the Church of *England*, defended himself with great Courage and Zeal. He resolved to fall a Martyr, rather than submit. He fought so long, that both his Servants were killed and one of his Horses. He received some Shots in his Cloaths. At last, finding that Superstition was like to prevail, he, with much Reluctance, yielded himself up, and was dragged by them to a Garrison at four Miles Distance ; when, upon producing his Passport, the Mistake came out ; a little too late indeed.

He arrives at *Queensbury*, a University in *Portugal*, where the Art of restoring Sight was very little known. Here he dissects the Eye, and gave public Lectures upon the Method of treating its Diseases ; which he did with so much Judgment and Ingenuity, that till he put his Theory into Practice, they looked upon his Dissertation as mere Fiction.

Though our Doctor was then in Distress, yet his Merit and Success established his Reputation

to such a Degree, that he obtained Letters from the University to the Court of *Portugal*, recommending him in the strongest Terms. Where, in a few Months, he had the Honour to be made a Knight of the Order of Christ.

Here for three whole Years together, he lived like a Nobleman. In which Time, among many others of smaller Note, he restored to Sight the Viceroy of *Brazil*; for which Feat he got, to use his own Words, a Hat full of Gold. But his evil Genius was here again at his Elbow, and pushed him once more into that eccentric Path, which led him so often out of the straight Road.

He intrigues with a very handsome young Lady, the Wife of an old rich Physician, who was pleased to entertain the highest Esteem for the Doctor; and, contrary to the Custom of that Country, gave him free Admittance into his Family, where he sometimes met his Wife. The Doctor a good Judge of the Eye, soon saw something in the Lady's Look which promised an Adventure.

In short, he amused himself agreeably with this Lady the best Part of a whole Year. Nay, he had gone so far as to advising the Packing up of Jewels and other Trifles of great Value, which, he told her, would be useful in a Journey, for they were to set out for *England* together. Nay, she had promised him to turn *Protestant*: For that was a Point the Doctor never forgot to cultivate in his Dealings with either *Jews* or *Papists* of the fair Sex. His Zeal for the Church of *England* kept equal Pace with his Passions of Gallantry. And he could reckon as many *Profeltyes* as *Mistresses*. But the Doctor, like Captain *Mackbeath*, could as soon be satisfied with one Woman as one Guinea.

He is caught at the Reverend Fathers the *Jesuit's* Church, by a Lady, who happened to adjust

her Veil in his View, which gave some Glimpse of a Bosom white as Snow. The Veil in *Portugal* speaks the Language of all Countries. The Doctor takes the Hint, commences Admirer, is led by the Lady into a very elegant Exchange of Civilities.

This relieved the Sameness of his Collation at the old Doctor's. The Variety gave new Life and Spirits to his whole Deportment. He appears more brilliant and engaging. He feels a fresh Ardour kindle in his Bosom to the Religion in which he was educated.

The Spirit of his Mission stirred strongly in him. And now the Mistress of a *Papish* Archbishop is to be brought over to the Communion of the established Church of *England*; for such is the Lady, who now felt the force of his Argumentations. His Reasons, she thought, were much stronger than those of the Archbishop. He made deeper Impressions upon her, and she gave Way very quickly to all his Motives. Such was the Measure of his Talent in the Art of Persuasion.

But the female Hypocrite above-mentioned hath Notice of his Progress in this spiritual Warfare. She lays up Vengeance for him; and in his next Visit she receives him with great Shew of Affection, tells him, she has got a Glass of the finest White-Wine in all *Spain*, which he must give his Opinion of. She fills to him, and he drinks two or three Bumpers with Glee; said he never tasted any thing so excellent. But, Madam, says he, all your Favours are the richest upon Earth.

Traitor! says she, I am revenged—you have drunk the most powerful Poison in the World—you have not an hour to live—The Archbishop's Mistress, Traitor! At these Words she flew out of the Room, with a thousand Furies in her Face.

The

The Doctor now sat more like a Figure of Ice, than a breathing Mortal. His whole Life came rushing into his View. His Conscience, startled from its Slumber, stares him frightfully in the Face ; a thousand Terrors, the past, the present, and the future, are all before him. He beats his Forehead, plucks off his Diamond Cross, and flings it to the Floor. He stamps, he raves, he roars, he runs to his House, without hearing or seeing any thing in his Way. He cries for Help.

Here he meets the Chaplain of the *English* Factory, and another Gentleman, his Friend, to whom he roars aloud for Help. They are amazed. He cries out, Poison ! Poison ! *Taylor* is no more, my Friends—I die, I die—*Taylor* is cut short, and the World is lessened. I feel it boil among my Bowels. My Stomach is on Fire. A Puke, a Puke, a Puke ! My Cross, my Diamond Cross, and all my Titles for a Puke. I confess I am a Sinner—'tis now no Time—O yes, I have a Wife and Son at *Paris*—Sir, assist me ; I have blinded many—caught, caught in my own accursed Snare—this Fire consumes me—Yes, I believe it all, the Creed, the Trinity. O give me the hot Water, drench me to the Muzzle. *San grado* now assist me—it works up and down—the Poison works me stronger—Sir *Hans Sloan* shall have my Instruments—My Art who can inherit ?—My darling Son—O I've wronged my Family—My Pulse is sinking—Yes, I've wronged my Family—this dreadful Woman—The Rattle-Snake is not more fatal—I have made some Converts, Sir ; will that atone ?—

Now the Apothecary pours in sweet Oils. He is drenched unmercifully, and brought so low, that he gives up all Thoughts of Life. He begs the Parson's Help, and thinks of the other World in earnest.

He makes his Will in the Intervals of the Close-Stool and the Bowl. His Candle now was burning at both Ends. He expects every Moment it will go out. I bequeath my Works to the College of Physicians: Ah, no, says he, I'll leave them to my darling Son. I'll leave him all my Papers. They'll make him some Amends. The Materials for writing my Life, under my own Hand, he shall have them all. My Cross is gone for ever. O read the departing Prayer! I sink, I die—The Poison masters all my Vitals—No human Art can conquer it—O lay me on the Bed. My Reason too begins to totter.

Here he is put into Bed. The Parson gives him Absolution. His Friends all kneel around. The last Prayer is read. He dozes in a kind of Stupor. His Eyes are closed, but still he breathes.

'Tis now beyond the Hour of Midnight, when lo! a grave Person, in the Habit of the Faculty, enters the Room, desires to see the Chevalier. He feels his Pulse, shakes his Head, and seems much concerned. He offers him a Cordial, but alas! he utters not a Word. The Voice he seemed to notice, and he opened by Degrees his Eyes. The Physician offers him again the Cordial, but in vain.

At length, his Mouth is opened, and down he pours the Draught. 'Twas like Sir *Walter Raleigh's*. He feels a Flash of Lightning dart through all his Inwards. His Colour kindles by Degrees. And now he shews some Signs of Life. Nay, he speaks, and asks what saving Angel had thus relieved him. He takes more Cordial. He still grows better, and he gazes on his Doctor. The Diamond Cross he feels within his Hand; and something then is whispered in his Ear.

At this he raised himself a little, looks wild about him, and cries out, Reverend Sir, I am not dead; take back the Absolution, they will never sign it over Head — O my charming Chicken, in her Husband's Cloaths too, what, no Poison then, but *Spanish White-Wine*! oh, it was a damn'd Dose — I'll no more of the Bishop's Mistress — Yes, I'm better, O my sweet Physician! — It was a devilish Dose indeed. Mr. *Simpson*, this my charming Chicken, my darling Convert, and my Diamond, are both come back. The lucky Minute! I have them both again — recall the Absolution — Ah, it was a little cruel, but I mend apace — She will read her Recantation now — We will strait for *England*; you've got the Diamonds and the Money. Aye, aye, we will strait for *England*. Mr. *Simpson*, you'll befriend us — A Profelyte is a precious Thing! — Yes, we will strait set out — Another Gulp will set me on my Legs — Oh such a rasping Dose, it had like to send me packing, the greatest Creature in the World.

The Parson was in amaze. But the Lady, in her Husband's Breeches, assured him, all was true; that she gave him nothing but a Glass of Wine to drink. She was sorry they had puked and purged him so; but, says she, it will serve him both for Physic and Philosophy; it will correct his Humours and his Morals too. We must be gone. If my Husband should suspect, we are undone for ever.

The Chevalier was much recovered. The Chaplain advised him not to stir that Night; said, the Lady might read her Recantation in *England* to more Advantage; he would give them all the Assistance in his Power; advised them to keep close, till they had heard again from him, which would be in the Evening after To-morrow.

The

The Chevalier expressed his Thanks, begged of him once more to take back the Absolution, revoked his Will, declared his whole Behaviour was but acting a Part, he meant nothing serious, and begged of the Chaplain as a Man of Honour, to report him so, lest it should hurt his Reputation as a Gentleman, which was a Thing he valued much more than his Life.

The Chaplain stared at him; but promised to obey, and to get Things ready against the Time appointed, and bid them both good Night.

C H A P. XV.

A Scene of Tenderness and Sincerity will here furnish out a Contrast to our Hero's general Character.

THE Lady now expressed great Sorrow for the Harshness of her Medicine. She apprehended it seems, that it might have no friendly Effect upon her Night's Entertainment; so she made her Choice to sit up and cherish the Doctor with Cordials and with Kindness, till he was in some Degree restored to his pristine Faculties. They settle the Plan of their intended Flight. Her Husband, she said, knew nothing at all of her. She had taken her Opportunity in his Absence; and (notwithstanding his Falshood) ready to go round the World with him. She hoped Mr. Simpson would be punctual, for every Hour was an Age.

The Doctor endeavoured to convince her in the best Manner he could, that his Affection for her had not lost all its original Energy, and was but partly ruined; he felt his Vigour and Integrity return. Facts are convincing Things; and the Doctor was not idle. In this Interval of Dread
and

and Joy, they pass their horrid, happy Moments in expecting ardently the Chaplain, still stretched upon the Tenter-Hooks of Hope and Fear. A Condition of Mind which none can describe or imagine, but those who have felt it.

The important Minute was now approaching near, and Expectation went abroad to meet it. The Rumbling of a Coach alarms them. They start with Rapture at the Sound, and vowed the Chaplain was an Angel. They spring to meet him. But oh! what Language can describe their Terror! They meet the Holy Office at the Door, the Midnight-Coach, and all the black Tribunal. The Inquisition now has seized them. This Thunder-Clap was worse than all his Pukings.

The Chevalier, the Lady in Disguise, his Books and Papers, are all seized and carried off to Prison, to the dreadful Prison.

He is accused of being a Jew; and a fearful Process is begun.

Two Brothers of the Faculty, in their Envy of his Merit, did him this Kindness. He saw before him a Prospect truly terrible. They put him to the Torture in a Manner not unlike the Fumigation, and full as dreadful.

Here the Chevalier soon felt the Difference between this infernal Jurisdiction, where Innocence itself is often criminal, and a Nation, whose civil Polity is but mere Humanity exercised by Truth and Reason, where Law is Liberty, and Subjection perfect Freedom; where Religion is the Handmaid of Virtue, to dress her out in all the Ornaments of Moderation, Humility, and every social and sublime Attractive.

In this horrid Extremity, he found a Passage to a noble Lord, the then ambassador from *England* at the Court of *Portugal*, a Character illustrious all over *Europe*, whose Resolution is equal to his
Huma-

Humanity. Through his Lordship's kind Application and powerful Influence, the Doctor is at last enlarged. When nothing less than Providence, in the Person of his noble Benefactor, could have wrought his Delivery, which was brought about rather by a Connivance of the Court of *Portugal*, than through any legal and open Process.

He escapes in the Night. His fair Friend, out of Petticoats attends him in his Retreat. Nor had he Leisure to bid the Bishop's Mistress one soft Farewell. He felt some tender Pains on her Account, for he lost a Profelyte; but his good Intention he hoped might be accepted. The Inquisition cancelled half his Passion; but his Zeal was still invincible. Nay, he gained a tenfold Force from his Adversity. He vowed revenge like *Hannibal*, and would sacrifice a thousand Nuns as Victims to his injured Mother the Church of *England*, and his own Resentment. He determined to go and make Reprisals, whilst aught of Man remained in him.

He is now upon his Journey; his fair Fellow-Traveller and he. They are mounted upon Post-Horses, and leave behind them, in their Haste, all their Apparel, except the Suits they had on; some Jewels and things of Value they had secured. But alas! the Poor Lady was so disordered, by the Fatigue of her Journey, that she had a Fever on the third Day after their setting out. It increased continually. Her delicate Frame was not able to sustain it; and though she fell ill at a Place the most unpromising in her Situation, yet she wanted no Assistance that Art or Kindness could administer, for the Parish-Priest was himself a good Physician. He was always with her; and not only him, but a Gentleman of the Faculty, the worthy Father's Brother, happened to be then upon a Visit with him.

The

The poor Lady grew worse and worse. And the Chevalier, to do him Justice, was pierced to the very Soul with Sorrow. Her affectionate Generosity and Friendship were working at his Heart. He sees her sinking to the Grave on his Account.

In short, all Hopes of Recovery are given over. The wounded Chevalier feels an additional Pang. The Thoughts of her dying a *Papist*, after all the Pains he had taken in her Conversion, recoiled grievously upon his Virtue. O! it was a two-fold, a goading Affliction; but Necessity must be obeyed.

She is now upon the Verge of a Delirium. She gives the Chevalier her Jewels; and, with Tears and dying Tenderness, she begs him to be gone, and leave her to the Priest's Humanity, who would see her decently interred. At this her Understanding quite failed, and she said no more to be understood.

The Doctor waited till she was quite senseless; and then, taking silent Leave with a sorrowful Heart, he posted off with all Speed.

He knew her Sex must soon be discovered, and the Danger which must follow. He therefore travelled Night and Day, till he came to a convenient Port, where he took Shipping; and after a very dangerous Voyage, landed safe at last at *Falmouth*.

End of the First VOLUME.



